

VAGUE

14



New Bridewell
Bridewell Street
Bristol BS99 7BH

29 April 1982

Dear Tom

Thank you for your recent request for

Your application has now been considered
regret that I have to inform you that
occasion as your request falls outside

Thank you for writing and I wish you

ARE YOU POSITIVE, PUNK?
THINGS ARE HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT
THEY ARE DO YOU? ALL THAT
SORTA STUFF, THAT WE INVENTED YEARS
AGO, ENDING IN A SUDDEN INDEPTH CULT
FEATURE THAT GOES TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL...

40p



need to pretend

THE GENERATION THAT REFUSED TO GROW UP

I MADE A RIGHT PIG'S EAR OF THE LAST EDITORIAL, SO THIS TIME I'M NOT GONNA BOTHER, THIS MIGHT BE THE LAST VAGUE BUT YOU HAVE'NT HEARD THE LAST FROM US YET. BEAT IT YET TO COME,

ALWAYS YOURS,

Tom Vague

INSTEAD OF AN EDITORIAL, HERE'S THE THINGS THAT MAKE ME LAUGH + MAKE ME CRY.

THINGS THAT KEPT ME IN THE COUNTRY LAST YEAR.

NOO YEAR'S EVE AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE SOUTHERN DEATH CULT. THAT'S A BIT OBVIOUS BUT WHAT THE FUCK. STEPHEN KING. JULIE BURCHILL - WE'RE JUST WILD ABOUT LOWRY. LARDY CAKES. 34 THE PARAGON. THE BEST + WORST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO LIVE FOR A YEAR. SIMPLE MINDS. WIRE. GEN-X. TERRY WOGAN. MINDER. BACK IN FAVOUR. KEVIN TURVEY + THE BASTARD SQUAD. JULIA FOR NAGGING + AGGRAVATING. PUDDLE + CHRIS FOR BEING PUDDLE + CHRIS. THEY FUCK ALL ELSE. THE SLOPE FOR WAKING ME UP EVERY FUCKING SATURDAY MORNING WITHOUT FAIL. HOGAN. JOOLS HOLLAND + THE TUBE IN THE END. BIRTHDAY PARTY. TEA. CONTINUOUS MARLBORO 'TILL THE MID-WEEK RECESSION THEN DOG-END ROLL UPS. IGGY AT THE VENUE. THE MUNSTERS. THE BAGTHORPES. LOVE TO LIVE LIKE THAT. PADDINGTON BEAR. ALAN BLEASDALE. KEN + DEIDRE MAKING THE FRONT PAGE OF THE SUN. THE WOMEN AT GREENHAM COMMON. PETE SCOTT. MICK MERCER. MARINA MEROSI. WOMAD. HERPES. FUTURAMA 4. THE DANSE SOCIETY. BOYHEAD. VIZ COMIX. DOUGLAS ADAMS. LINDSAY ANDERSEN. SMIFFIE. ME MAM. OUR SUE. ASSORTED NUTS. BANSHEES AT THE ELEPHANT FAYRE (LAST BANSHEES GIG) SQUATTING THE WHOLE OF FUCKING LONDON STARTING WITH SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE. EGG BUTTIES. LIVERPOOL + BRADFORD. WOODY ALLEN.

THINGS THAT MIGHT MAKE ME LEAVE THE COUNTRY THIS YEAR.

IF SOUTHERN DEATH CULT SPLIT. IF ZIG-ZAG CARRIES ON JUST AS IT IS. PSYCHIC TV'S NURSERY RHYMES FOR AGING ACID CASUALTIES. DIRE FUCKING STRAITS. I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD HATE ANYONE AS MUCH AS LYNRYD SKYNYRD. AT LEAST THEY HAVE THE DECENCY TO BE DEAD. WHAM + ALL OF NME'S FUCKING BRIT. FUNKSTERS. MALCOLM McLAREN. ABOUT TIME HE WAS PUT OUT TO PASTURE. RICHARD HELL. 'BLANK GEN' + RIPPED T-SHIRTS ARE'NT EVERYTHING. THE SEA FOR HAVING THE NERVE TO THINK THEY WERE EVER A PUNK BAND. I THINK PUNK IS AN OVERUSED WORD. A MATTER OF FACT I HATE... PEOPLE THAT SHED SHIT ABOUT ME. PETE DINKlage. MURPHY. SEX GANG T-SHIRTS. THE WEDNESDAY MORNING + TIME TO GO DOWN THE OUT THE MORTGAGE ON MY DAD'S HOUSE. NIGHT IS WORMHOLE NIGHT. PEOPLE SAY RECORDS. SHALAMAR ET AL. NAMES FROM OF THIS SECTION. DRUGS OF ANY DESCRIPTION. HOUSING DEPT. "POSITIVE PUNK". S. OF HEADS. SO PASSE. EVERY FUCKING PAPER OR MAGAZINE. IF THE MEDYS COME OVER AGAIN. TED IMITATIONS OF THE ANTS. REGGAE. AUSTRALIA. 23-SKID. ANS. FLUX. MOB + ALL THAT OF THE NEW CHURCH. JOBOXERS. EVERYWHERE. HITCHING OUT OF THAT BASTARD. PRETENDS TO ELICOPTR ROUND THE BARRAT SHOPS. RC TWATTING. ALMOND + BIG GIRL. EVERYWHERE ESPECIALLY FASHION. TEARS. EARS. THOMAS DOLBY. JAMES LEGG. SCALLIES. PERRIES. TEEZEYS. ALL THOSE 'BRAIN CELLED WONDERS. THE SCREAM. AD. THE WORST BAND EVER. WELL. NG TO DO WITH STEVE. THE BANSHEES. EN BIGGER + EVEN MORE AFFECTIONABLE. EXCUSE JOHN. ANOTHER. TOUR. OFFICIALLY BECOMING. THE CHIEF. WELL, THAT'S IT THEN. I'LL PROBABLY SEE YOU IN COURT.



THE VAGRANTS
TOM VAGUE
PERRY H
THE KID
ROTE SCOTT
MICK MERCER
STEVE RAWLINS
DAVE H
GAVIN
IAN DEATH CULT
THE SKYBOY
EMIL ESCAPE
MARINA MEROSI
ORNA ECHENPER
TOM WILDE
SMIFFIE
ROB + WIL
ME ALAN + TIM



DESPERATE BUT NOT SERIOUS

More inspiration from Tony D.

BORN IN ENGLAND

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LOCK UP YOUR BRAIN BECAUSE I'M

HERE AGAIN...



After reading Dave McCullough's well thought out, if not inspiring, fanzine round-up in a recent Snonds. I thought I'd get down my present enthusiastic views on the state of the xerox nation. McCullough is a typical safe european journalist. His obvious talent and ability is blinkered by his over riding loyalty to/ security of an established paper. No matter how crap or unscrupulous it is his real ticket. I'd rather go hungry. Although perhaps Zig-Zag could provide the occasional Macdonalds. Disposable munchies for disposable articles. Nothing precious. McCullough draws unremittingly on Johnny Waller for information and insight into the fanzine of today. The Waller intelligently keeps a foot in both camps. Hopefully taking the best of both worlds.

Unfortunately Waller is right. Most fanzines are dire. Only KICK, PUPPY, VAGUE and PANACHE stand out with a few other maybes. As with small 'local' bands, I've never bothered much to write about other 'zines, since the pointless epic Vague 1-2. Most of them are crap. As simple as that. Just because a band/fanzine is small doesn't mean it's any good. It usually means the opposite. If it was any good it wouldn't be small. Either you've got it or you aint. That's got nothing to do with commercial success.

Hang on a bit, this isn't supposed to be depressing. I'll just put on my optimistic head. 'The Fanzine is the only legitimate form of journalism' as someone once said. What that particular press darling meant by that was a fanzine is the nearest you can get to honesty, sincerity, passion, anarchy, originality and all those nice words in the written form. A fanzine should be chaotic and free of any stereotype format or control.

To do a fanzine you have to care. There's no point in doing one if you're not sincere. Not giving 100%. Your best. Aka. a band or anything you might attempt. A fanzine mustn't allign itself with any fashionable trend or political movement. We have no interest in politics or fashion. It must strive to be as individual as possible but mustn't be scared to draw on any influence. Infact it should draw on any material, however offensive and distasteful it might seem. It should be witty, humorous and optimistic/ not dwell on past glories or intellectualise.

It must take risks. Hold nothing as sacred. Destroy taboos.

ful. Always have a genuine desire for change from one issue to the next. It should investigate anything young and new with an open mind. But at the same time keep in perspective why it was you started it all in the first place. Otherwise there's no point in doing it or living for that matter.

I try to do all that. KICK, PUPPY and PANACHE do it, in their own way. I'll start with KICK, because it's the first new zine that I have't had to write back a patronising encouraging reply. When all you really want to say is 'Fuck off and use the glue for better layout rather than up your nose'. KICK makes a refreshing change. How can you not like a fanzine that starts 'When the sun goes down and the moon goes up. When your bones start getting restless. Then it's time to raise your hands and make the night standstill. Come with us and invoke light, love, life and liberty and lots of Noise. This is for misfits and adventurers everywhere.'

KICK hustles irreverently towards the back page. A chaotic visual collage of fresh exciting ideas. It bounces off the walls and nearly falls down on its lack of humour, puppyisms and space wasting on dirge like Sub-Humans, Flux of Pink Indians et al. But picks itself up with an excellent UK DK int. by Richard himself (alias naughty Richard North) much better than my feeble efforts. KICK is easily the best new zine. But I'm sick of VAGUE being tagged as one of the best. VAGUE is the best. And so is KICK and PANACHE and PUPPY.

KILL YOUR PET PUPPY is probably the best by my standards although I hate to admit it. As McCullough observed it is a whole new concept in pop writing. But our Dave fell for the Tony D.'s clever little ploy in seemingly relinquishing editorship. He also fell for PUPPY's shock value. 'Their druggy, passive state' doesn't disturb anyone, except me that Tony D. might be drifting dangerously near becoming a hippy. As with Kick the Puppies are a bit wrapped up in the London scene and at times lose perspective.

That's my only criticism. PUPPY is a colourful psychedelic celebration of everything subversive, unpredictable, fresh and daring. They take risks and it works. 'Subvert, sabotage, sink the whole corrupt capitalist mess they call the free world.' IGGY'S SEX GANG piece is the best on them so far. Brilliant. Sums them up better than their music does. True anarchic alterna...

VOX

ISSUE 12

45p



NOT BE ANYTHING LIKE TEA, SO HE'S A BIT
OF A WEIRDO, I DON'T MEET HIM. HEH,
TAKING ONE OF THEM TO GIVE HIM
ROSEBUD. I DON'T THINK
LIKE KICKING IN MY TV SCREEN
EVERY TIME I THINK OF IT.

val (not) Puppy's piece on sex-
ism makes its point with no
holds barred. Not as 'obvious'
as the Raving Beauties approach.
Loved the stuff on CRIME and
LOOTING. Could do without the
MAKE-UP crap - defeats the
object really. Could have done
with more on DEATH CULT and
the enigmatic TURD BURGLARS
instead...but if it gets much
more psychedelic, your mum
won't mind you reading it, she'll
nick it to relive memories of
DZ!

What PUPPY and KICK might
lack in humour, PANACHE makes
up for doublefold and when Mick
gets too bogged down slagging
Bushell justifiably or maybe
waving about undeserving punky
outfits unjustifiably, you can
always laugh at VAGUE. I can't
go on too much about PANACHE,
although I'd like to, 'cos Uncle
Mick has'nt sent me the latest
one yet. He has sent me the
exclusive DANCING DID interview
again. The first one he sent is
still roaming around the postal
communications network of the
JUNK, as far as we know. It's
good to welcome back the Mercer
to the Vague Emporium. First
thing he's done since TV SMITH
pages ago. I digress...PANACHE
parodies the original meaning of
the word with total chaos, mean-
ingless untogetherness and unpred-
ictability. But in a funny sort
of way it has got a certain
panache about it and Mick Mercer
is just an all round wonderful
guy. BUY 'EM ALL. GET STUCK IN
AND ENJOY A LIFE OF UNBELIEVABLE
RICHES AND LASTING LOVE.

We're the best (It's pointless
reviewing VAGUE. To find out about
VAGUE you'll have to read the
other 22 pages) Now for the rest.
Next I'll peruse over the fanzines
that are also great but lack
impact and all round wonderfulness
that we've all got. The first to
come out of the chaos on the Vague
headoffice desk (really an old
door from upstairs on milk crates
- the hippies have'nt noticed
it's missing yet) is Mick and
Ray's ALLIED PROPAGANDA. A great
read. I know they all say that
and that's nearly as bad as
saying they're nice. But it is
a good read. Layout leaves a
bit to be desired and I think
Mick and Ray's original and
unconventional style is wasted
on the likes of Captain Sensible,
Test Tube Babies and mundane gig
reviews. But good stuff on Mark
Perry, Poison Grills and Patrik
Fitzgerald. Whatever happened
to all those likely lads? Oh
Mark Perry's a male nurse or is
that Gaye Advert?

NMX is another good read but
I am being purposely bland there.
I don't see why it's so high up
Mac's ratings and I was much
pissed off when he said Vague
is a much more sensible purchase
like NMX. Boring cheapo layout.
Liked the HEAVEN 17 non-inter-
view but 'fraid I never really
appreciated the sounds of swing-
ing Sheffield and I definately
disagree with Martin about
DANCE SOCIETY's motives. Perhaps
I'll be proved wrong. NMX is
nonetheless a valid and sound
fanzine tho' not my cup of tea.

ADVENTURES IN REALITY is good

although it does'nt exactly excite
me enuff to read it cover to cover
(unlike all previously grilled
zines) Not adventurous enuff, sticks
too rigidly to accepted fanzine
layout albeit attractively put
together. It's definately getting
there tho'. Check it out. COOL
NOTES is a lot of fun. BLAM! is
getting better all the time as
well. A name to look out for.
THE POSITIVE TOUCH/NEW PHENOMENA
and even RISING FREE are not
beyond hope.

Right this is where I start
getting offensive. BORN YESTERDAY/
VOX/CUET/REAL SHOCKS and especially
CABARET are just pretentious drivel.
No bollocks. Nothing. They're not
even arty. Mac was right that
fanzines can stem the tide of
commercial trends but these arse-
holes are worse than the worse
music paper. I won't bother writing
about the hordes of anarcho-glue-
punk-zines-negative-bor-inggg-
politico-shit. And I won't dwell
on slagging all the other dull
pointless fanzines. The old addi-
tive that any fanzine is better
than the music press just does'nt
ring true anymore. NME covers all
the 'underground' bands better
than any fanzine. Perhaps I try
too hard but nobody else seems
to be trying at all. If you're
not mentioned here consider
yourself slagged. Write to or
shout at me and I'll tell you
why unless your names Tony
Fletcher and in that case I'll
just ignore you. There is an
alternative to the exploitative
marketing of the establishment
press. So subscribe and help the
people who are actually doing it.

THIS YEAR'S RESOLUTION!!

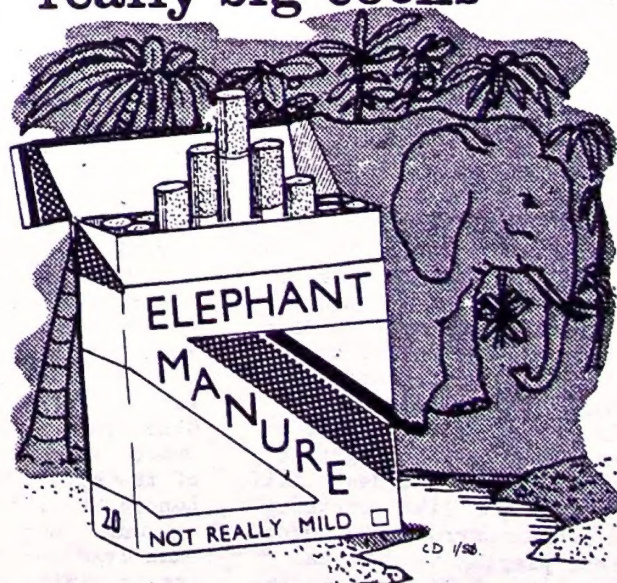
GET FIGHTING FIT WITH
2 PARA



THE EXERCISE L.P. FOR MEN
INCLUDES FREE ILLUSTRATED POSTER

Also available on cassette.

Butch Cigarettes for
men with
really big cocks



A WILD JUNGLE AROMA

H M GOVT'S HEALTH WARNING:

ALWAYS CROSS ROADS CAREFULLY

The Danse Class Of Debokensprong '82



Dear Tom,

sorry it's taken so long to write back, but you know how it is, now Channel 4's started and all that.

I've enclosed 6 snaps from the 'DEBOKENSPRONG '82 tour (1) Tim and boiled egg (2) Cafe in Vlissingen (3) Changing trousers in Vlissingen (4) The gig at Lintelo (Yeah, really) (5) All of the lads in Vlissingen (6) Fun in the chalet, Debokensprong '82. I had intended copying extracts of the 2 weeks in Holland from my diary, which I've kept religiously every day for one whole year, marking every detail of THE DANSE SOCIETY's rise to fame and fortune, every gig we ever did as well as my personal observations of every detail of my life, but I lost the fuckin' thing at the Joke gig at Manchester Poly (Well pissed off) so I'll just have to give a rough account. (if anyone picked it up give it to Muppet in Virgin or send it to us)

Anyway, we missed the 10.15 ferry, which we were supposed to catch, so had to spend the night in Sheerness. We caught the first ferry the next morning with no hassles whatsoever. 8 hours later we landed in Vlissingen to find we had'n't had the carnee stamped so the van had to be impounded over night whilst the carnee travelled back to England to be stamped. We spent the night in Vlissingen in the weirdest little B+B ever. It was like something from a hammer horror with three musicians playing traditional dutch music at 2.00 in the morning, with about 2 blokes dancing in a room about 20 feet square. (We missed that night's gig in Venray, apparently about 400 people turned up)

We spent the next day in Vlissingen (hence the photos) When we got the van back we travelled to the chalet which was in the centre of Holland at a place called Venendaal. The site was DEBOKENSPRONG, complete with swimming pool, tennis court, push bikes to get around on, etc. (Hard life innit) We did'n't have much time for fun and games though. After a gig we would usually arrive back at the chalet between 2.00 and 4.00AM, then we would have to leave the next day between 10.00 and 2.00 for that day's gig.

We had about 2 days off. The first gig we played was at the Milkyway in Amsterdam. Everybody there was smashed (there's a dope shop upstairs) Johnny Waller and Steve Rapport from Sounds were there for that gig. There was this groupie there too, who some agency pay to keep groups "entertained". We did'n't bother, but she did wander off with Johnny and Steve at the end of the night.

The other towns we played were Venendaal, Gronigen, Utrecht, Den Haag, Lintelo, Rotterdam, Venray plus a few more smaller places.

The gig at Venray was the dope distribution centre for Germany, there were 5 house dealers, all with huge slabs of blow in front of 'em. Den Haag was about the best gig, it was a bit like the Zig-Zag Club, full too. It was recorded for Dutch radio, a cassettes on sale of the gig, info from 33 Finck St, London SE 1.

Our "loyal british following" came over for the fortnight, kipping in fields and parks most of the time, but they got a chalet next to ours for a couple of nights. They got to the Gronegen gig by nicking a few bikes and cycling 30 miles accross Holland.

We've had quite a bit of press in Holland now. We did an interview for VINYL magazine while we were there, which is in this months with a free flexi 'My Heart' (different version from the album)

The promoters over there were great, nothing was too much for them, we also got better treatment at gigs than over here (2 crates of beer, 4 bottles of wine, food and pop at every gig) We did have arguments though, they expect at least 60 minutes sets over there and we were'n't used to that, we only normally do 40 minutes or thereabouts. We should be going back there around May/June time.

We're recording the new single this weekend, at Livingstone studios in North London. We should be mixing it on monday at Maison Rouge studios. We're doing 2 tracks for the 7" 'Somewhere' and 'Hide' with an extra track, 12 minutes long for the 12". All 3 tracks are new and slightly different (unintentionally) from previous things. We've got a different producer to assist with the single, Richard Hartley, he's the bloke who wrote the music for the 'Rocky Horror show', he's also done a lot of film music, I think he will be really good. You'll have to let me know what you think.

I think that's it. See ya soon,

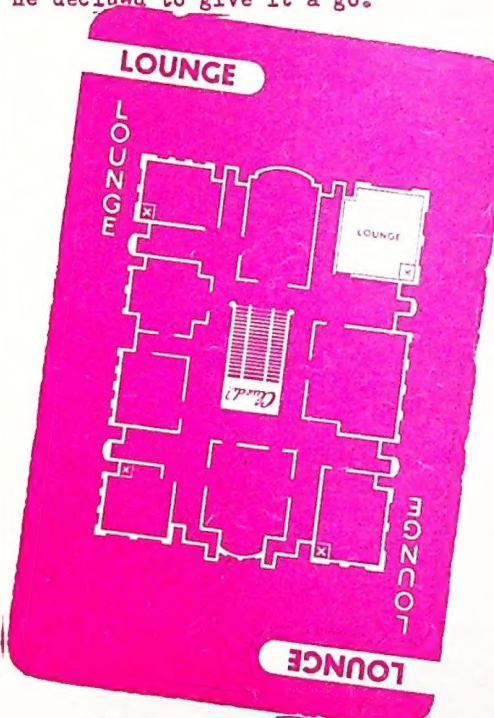
.....STEVE RAWLINGS.



RISING FROM

THE DIDS

It was the day before I had an Evesham trip, planned to grab an interview with the Dids before they considered hibernation and also the evening that they were due to play an event that had been titled 'The Sheep Shaggers Ball', an evening of sin and thigh greasing that I was to miss. But a bundle of hours before this trip was to happen 'twas old Tom Vague who suggested that it was time the Vague manifesto became infested with the Dids deeds of old and new and I hastily agreed, after all he had just given a remarkable display of 'looking imposing' which was doomed from the moment he decided to give it a go.



With my list of questions (something I never normally use) I sat in Shangri-did with Tim at eleven O'Clock and Martyn at three O'Clock. On the floor in front of them was a pile of 'And did those feet...s, the first Dids album, on Kamera Records. Without wishing to slur the good name of Kamera I would suggest that if ever you want to hear this album (as anyone with more than half a head should) then your best bet is to actually find the Kamera office as their knack of promotion and servicing leaves a lot to be desired. One of the old jokes about their distribution amounting to nothing more than opening a window and throwing the records as far as their strength and accuracy will allow.

All of which is true. But we'll ignore the presence of these two groaning rumbling men as I turn back the clock to an age which has long since past. An age of innocence...

That old desire to get records out and things hit them just as much as anyone else and strangely enough things were organised enough for the first single to appear, entitled 'The Dancing Did' on Fruit and Veg Records.

Anyway...damn fine debut and all that. Release numero deux was 'Squashed things on the road' backed with 'The Haunted Tea Rooms' (Oh, I forgot to mention 'Did' had 'The Lorry Pirates' for a b-side) Also a Fruit and Veg job and just as good.

In all the Did history the only line-up difficulty has been that of the bass player. Their first was called Dick Crazies and he didn't fit in, so he went. Stuart Dyke the next was a wonderful character and perfect for the role, but he was tragically killed in a car crash. So they searched anew, and there lay a man named Wally, the only problem being that his image was suited to the Dids but his bass playing wasn't and he too departed, later to join the band they call PNEUMATIC BLISS who are also good. The current man is Roger Smith and he fits fine or certainly seems to. Perhaps the Dids are always to have a new bass player every year or something. Don't ask me ask God. ('I'm not in' booms a voice.) Did gigs followed aplenty although the media coverage was sadly pathetic for a band that are as perfect as you could wish to find. How often do you get a band with endless musical offerings that excite at first hearing and leave you lusting for more. It did at one time seem that the peculiar Barney Hoskyns of NME was about to start one of his love affairs (Hark whose talking. Ed) with the band but as Tim says "He writes something and then disappears for six months, returning with his thesis on the true definition of 'Rock'. No hope there then.

Well, anyway you capering dolts the Dids are now with Kamera but they were with Stiff for a short while.



THE FATE OF THE WORLD RESTS WITH THESE FOUR! WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY?!



V: TELL US ABOUT STIFF.

T: Well Stiff's pretty boring really isn't it? Is this on?

V: YES, IT'S ON.

T: Ah, it's all going! Well, mutual disinterest wasn't it? They didn't want 'The Green Man' out and we did so we left them.

V: DO YOU THINK PERHAPS THEY WERE AFTER A COMEDY BAND?

T: Nah, they just thought they might have a quick hit with us and they didn't so that was it. They were a bit too bloody poppy for us.

M: Yeah by now we'd be recording 'From a Jack to a King' with a clapping hand beat and a Belle Stars rhythm.

T: (Eyeing my list of four whole questions.) This is much more interesting, ask us about the backwards singing on 'Charnal boy'.

V: NOT YET.

T: (Seeing the first question) What's this? 'Nerves?'

V: YEAH, YOU USED TO SHIT YOURSELVES BEFORE GIGS DID'NT YOU?

T: Yeah, I did that.

M: Oh, the songs speak for themselves
 Ezzan.
 V: I WAS GONNA ASK WHAT YOUR FAVE
 SONG WAS?

T: 'Molives' I like, er... 'Channel
Boy'...
V: I ONLY ASKED FOR ONE!
T: Favourite did song, oh 'They say
there's giant rats down at Fallow
meadow 'arm' but we have 'nt written
it yet but that's going to be a
cracker.

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS LET'S GET ON
TO THE HATE SECTION.

V. WHAT'S THE FUNDAMENTAL
PRINCIPLE OF A DID?

Post-rationalism. We're using... we're a punk band basically. We're totally shaped by

what we come in contact with and that we know. I mean our clothes, it's taking punk to it as a rebel something. When I

First came out the fashion accessories—bags, shoes, jewelry, hats, scarves, gloves, socks, underwear, pajamas, and so on. Then came the safety pins and all the other little things you could easily

get your hands on, usually to an urban environment. Well, that's the same with us. We wear rural.

clothes because that's what we
pick up in rural, humble sales
and hoped that I found in fields

I hear on my belt.
N. It's like, punk being the ultimate folk music, which it is. Or

being that, when it was, well, that's what we are, a modern folk band. It's for real. When I say 'folk' I don't mean a load of

university lecturers going around
sticking their fingers in their
ears, I mean the real old yokels

T: I write about things that I know. Like the 'Wolves of Worces-

tershire, I know it's a fantasy but it's based on reality. We dress in a rural way because we

come from a rural area. It seems perfectly natural to me, unlike a certain other band from Birmingham.

ham that are aging our style...
M. While playing 60's American
music. How peculiar...

T: Still, let's pass onto some-
thing else. It just pissed me off
because everyone would think we're

ripping them off. When we've been like this for 2 years, I think our problem is that we're too good.

m: I mean we're not dressing up, this is us. We don't change our clothes before we go on stage. We just turn up and play. Talk Talk probably turn up in duffle-

coats. (They do, infact. Ed)
T: Luckily the Did music cant be
put down to any particular

influence which is good. There isn't a little peg you can hang us on. I'm sure anyone with any

intelligence can understand what we're on about. But there's just so few people with any level of intelligence about. (On de-

...ing about. (On gear,
dodgy, very dodgy. Ed.) You
need imagination to get into it.
It's definately got a sense of

humour, I won't deny that but we're not a comedy band. I don't mind people thinking it's a funny.

V: **WHATSOEVER HAPPENED TO THE TAP-
DANCE ROUTINE YOU WERE MEANT TO
DO ONSTAGE?**

T: God yeah, what did happen to that? I'd like to do that again.

M: We did it once and a load of women screamed "great!"

MORE, HATE
T: Hate everyone. That's one of the problems. When you're in

this business, which is only there to make money. Nothing Else...

M: I sometimes think our attitudes are a bit arty farty but it's not. We're living in an age

where everything has to be blatantly packaged and promoted, THIS IS THIS, which we're

not into. There was a bit more but I think you should have the drift.

what it comes down to is a band with honest beliefs getting continually shat on and they don't deserve it. Now if some-

you don't deserve it. Now if as I'm
has pointed out you are a moron
then you're not going to get

within a million miles of the
excellence of the Did's work
but if you have'nt heard them

and genuinely like things to be exciting and vividly interesting then for christ's sake get

the album and drift away in it.
It's for your own good you know.
Remember that music or quality

is far better than endless impersonators. The Dids are unique and that means something.

"UPWIND DOWNWIND"

"ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE!"

**GUILTY!
GAZZA
BUSHELL**



SUDDENLY THE PLANETS
SURFACE BEGAN TO TREMBLE
WITH TERRIBLE FORCE...

The name's Gazza. Gazza Bushell. Lisshead for short.
A penchant for shorts.

I've taken a lot of stick lately for my pronouncement that punk is dead. BUT IT IS. Look at Skewdriver. Cock Sparrer. They never made it to number one! I know no-one else ever thought they would but I reckon it's a crime. And thereby lies my whole line of, for want of a better word, thought.

Then people suspect I'm a nazi. Nien, nien.

People say I'm ugly. Well how come I'm shagging the arse off Marilyn Monroe every night? h? Answer me that. She only goes for real men. Course she don't talk much and she smells a bit but I like a woman to be dirty.

People say I don't like hard work but I tell ya it ain't easy digging a coffin up. Ask me mates who did it.

Took em ages. I know cos I watched em do it.

That's what the Working Classes is all abaut. WORK.



GAZZA ON LIFE. Part 13.

Well, lik... it's sort of like this, ya know. Like when I look around me through a teery haze everyfink is like, well, I fe all around me. It's a well hard scene. Get me drift? It's the beans. (ROARS WITH JITTERY LAUGHTER, FALLS HEAVILY BACK CHAIR AND BARAKAS PAT NOSE FOR HIS MOORING HAYS).
(THE SUN SETS. HE THEN DROPS CHAIR'S COVER. HE PLOCK HIS COMPELLED FROM A PAIR LIVES THE SUN SET SCENE OF THE LOVELY DANDY AND THE HIS OWN THOUGHTFULLY, TAKING THE TOP OF HIS LAYERS OF SKIN OFF HIS FINGERS.
Another day had begun and Gazza's roaring and raring to go. He struts up and down, flexing his buttocks. He strides into town where passing children knock him to the ground and thoroughly tough him up. He plunges into the safety of the 'ounds' office where his battered copy of 'Robin Hood' lays sullied upon his desk. He embraces it as as one does a long lost relative and dreams his dreams. At lunch time he writes his greatest literary achievement, and the news of this resignation is applauded by the whole of Covent Garden.

BIG TROUBLE FOR STINKER



And now, a poem...

"MY NAME IS GARRY BUSHELL, MY NAME'S ALL ON MY GAZ,
THEY LIKE TO RUB MY STOMACH AND SYMPHON OFF THE GAS,
WHEN THE SUN IS SHINING YOU'LL FIND ME BENDING OVER,
AND WHILST THE WORKING CLASSES,
STRIVE TO KISS MY ARSE,
YOU CAN BET THAT I'M IN CLOVER."

WORK
NO

Fuck Work!

WHO WANTS
A JOB ANYWAY?



HIS NAME WAS ED PAULEY! HE WAS
CRISTING ALONG AS ALWAYS, TELLING HIM-
SELF THAT HIS SQUALID EXISTENCE ON
SOCIETY'S OUTERMOST FRINGE WAS FAR
PREFERABLE TO ANYTHING THAT SMACKED
OF RESPONSIBILITY!

"What I am proposing is that the work ethic (To either find a master to employ you for wages, or live in squalid poverty) is obsolete..."

(Robert Anton Wilson, author, voodoo priest and former editor of PLAYBOY)

Towards the end of 1982 I joined an American organization called the Church of the Sub-Genius, a crank cult based in Austin, Texas. It was easy; all I had to do was send off the equivalent of 10 dollars and in return I received a membership certificate and a huge bale of propaganda material. I am now an ordained priest (true) entrusted to perform all the duties of the sub-Genius ministry, including sermons, invocations, exorcisms, marriages, sacrifices, seances, miracles, insane phenomena, alien contact, smittings, deflowerings and the acceptance of donations.

The people who run the church are very straightfaced about it. They never come out and admit that it's all a joke, because that would spoil the fun. But it is a joke - a damned good one. And like all good jokes, it contains an element of truth. For instance, one of the Church's pamphlets criticises ordinary men and women who spend their lives "wading uphill through mud, desperately hacking out with a broken machete little short lived clearings in the social swamp - working, in effect, until it's too late to stop working."

This is what most people do - they work until it's too late to stop working, wasting most of their time and energy and very frequently doing serious damage to their health in the service of distant figures.

Very few people in public life have ever questioned this state of affairs. In fact, Malcolm McLaren is the only one who springs to mind. When he launched Bow-wow-wow onto an unsuspecting world, he made a great song and dance about 'breaking down the work ethic'. Now I regard the dreaded Talcy Malcy, as he's known to NME readers far and wide, as nothing more than a nasty, manipulative little con-man. He's engineered several musical movements over the past five years, and they've all been publicity hypes designed to promote Viv Westwood's fashions. As Dave

Barbe put it "If the truth's supposed to go naked, how come McLaren's so into the rag trade?" The Pistols were a vehicle for her 'punk' designs; Bow-wow-wow were a vehicle for her Buccaneer look, and the new She Sherrif/ Buffalo Gals thing is a transparent attempt to shift more of her bloody ridiculous cowboy/hillbilly clothes (that she didn't even come up with first!) Still, Malcy does occasionally come up with a good line or slogan, and this business about 'breaking down the work ethic' was one of them. "There's no need to work, ever/ W.O.R.K.N.O."

Right. In today's supposedly enlightened society we should be thinking in terms of getting rid of the work ethic once and for all. It's over; it's outdated; it's had its day. Work is a curse, a drag, a nuisance, a barrier that stands between us and what we really want to do. People who want the Right to Work are fools. They're asking only for the right to be exploited, the right to be treated as slaves by society's higher-ups. The right to be bought and sold in the marketplace. Is this really a desirable state of being? No, it isn't. Not to me at any rate.

These days the newspapers are forever paying lip service to 'the plight of the unemployed'. Occasionally some character will kill himself because he can't find a job, thus providing even more fodder for the propaganda machine. According to the Guardian, jobless men are twice as likely to commit suicide than those in work. I find this attitude baffling but not particularly disturbing. If a man thinks his sole purpose in life is to work, he might as well kill himself, because he's as good as dead anyway.

Apparently, researchers have also noticed that jobless men are more likely to develop cancer than those in work. Cancer is a psychosomatic illness connected with frustration and lack of purpose. It seems that the 'ordinary working man has grown so accustomed to thinking of himself as a pack-horse that his vital life forces break down as soon as he's made redundant, and his body begins to go rotten inside. (This is undoubtedly why so many elderly men drop dead soon after they retire; their sole reason for staying alive has been taken away from them.)

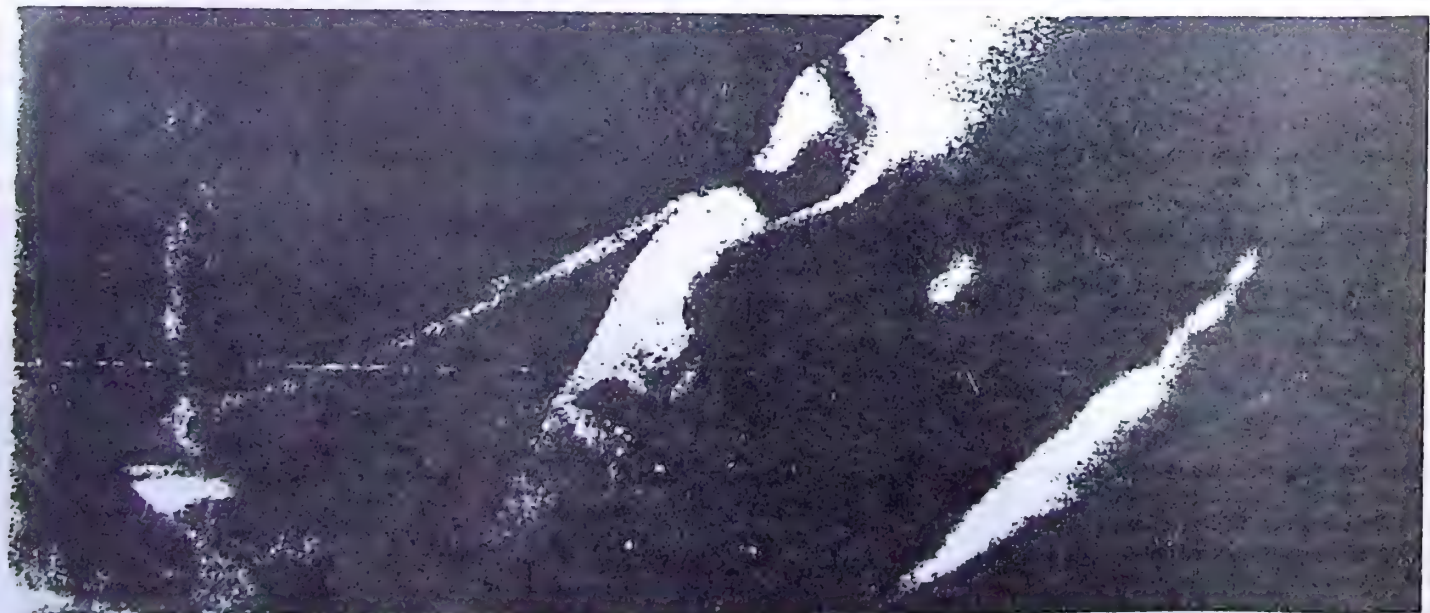
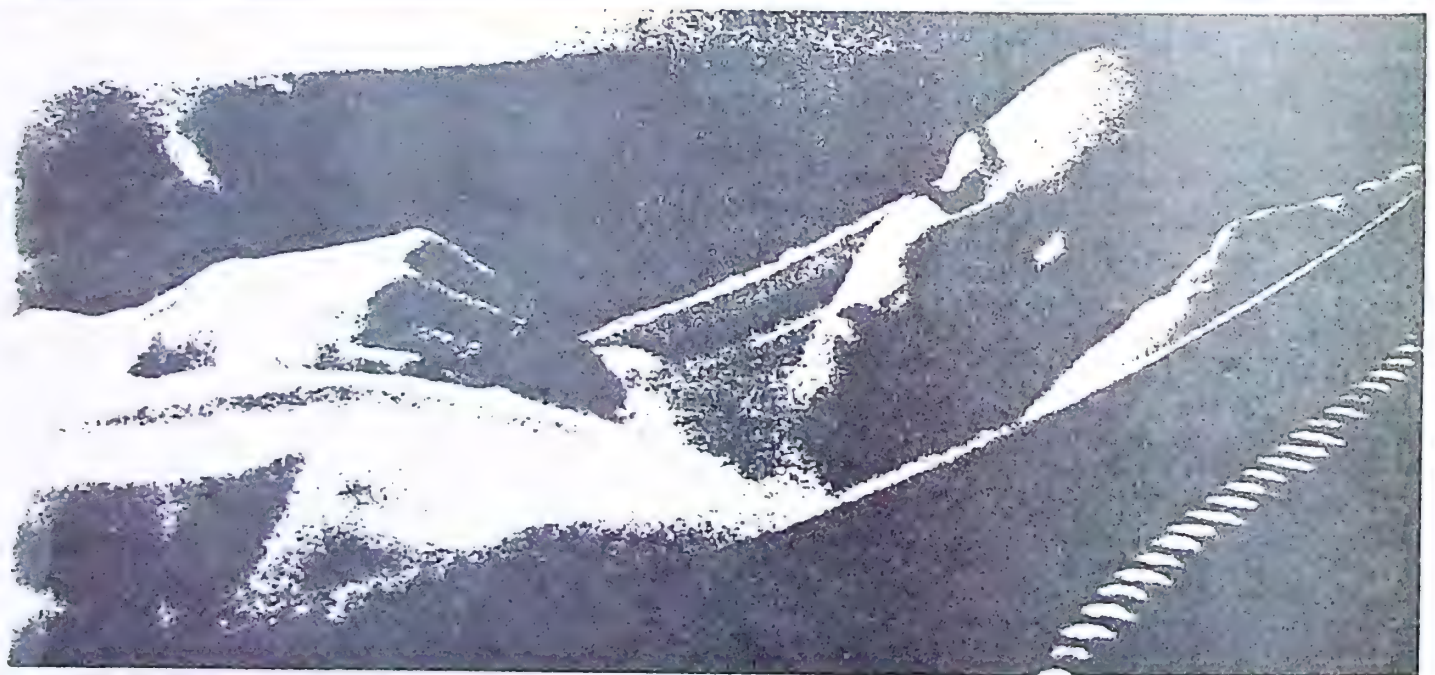
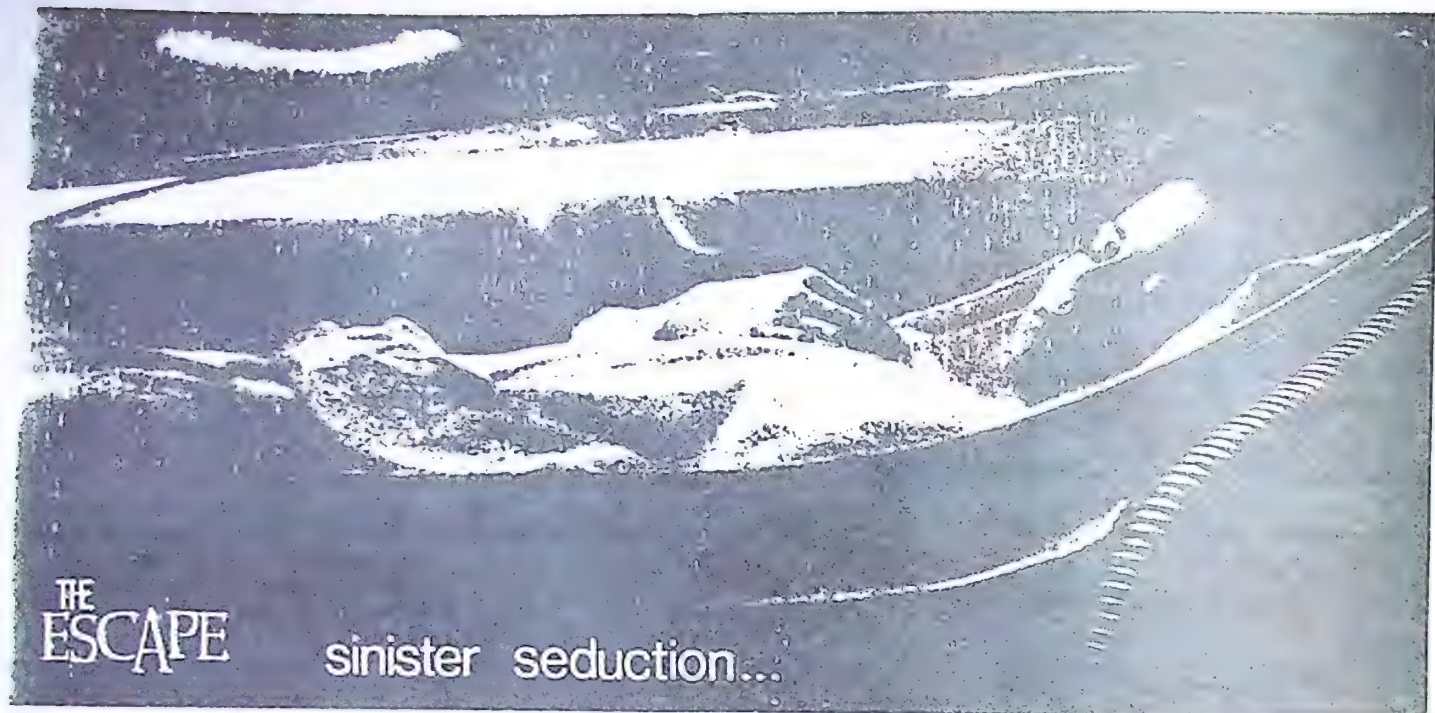
The Christmas edition of NME contained a brief 'seasonal message' from the Northern poetess Joolz. Predictably she felt obliged to wish all NME readers 'a tinsel Christmas and an EMPLOYED New Year.' This was supposed to demonstrate the extent of her social concern, but it did nothing of the sort. Instead it made her look like a right pratt. Don't be fooled, kids; we're never going to see a return to full employment. No political party can guarantee that. The unemployment figures may fluctuate now and then, but

in the last analysis they're going to keep on rising higher and higher. They're bound to, simply because unemployment is the natural, healthy result of an advanced technological society.

Moreover, there's nothing wrong with unemployment at all. Infact, it's potentially a bloody good thing, because it provides people with an opportunity to escape from drudgery once and for all. Its only real drawback is that it leads to boredom on a massive scale - feelings of disaffiliation, riots and so forth. The way around this impasse is to teach people to enjoy their free time, and use it constructively. As Robert Anton Wilson wrote: "People can only spend so much time fucking, smoking dope and watching TV. After a while they get bored. This is the main psychological objection to a workless society, and the answer to it is to educate people for functions more cerebral than fucking, smoking dope and watching TV, or the idiot jobs that most are currently toiling at." Wilson believes that there should be "a massive increase investment in adult education." I can only agree.

The so-called 'work ethic' is coming apart at the seams like a rotten undervest. It has been since the '60s, when the hippies first began to challenge traditional ideas of work and leisure. As the technological revolution continues to accelerate, more and more men and women will be set free from their condition of 'wage slavery' (as the social critics call it). To accomodate them, it may be necessary to alter the whole structure of society. Get some bulldozers in here and clean out all this crap. The creation of a permanent 'unemployed class' would certainly be a step in the right direction, though whether or not it'll ever happen remains to be seen. It's all a question of priorities...

So ; If you're on the dole, make the most of it. And above all, don't be taken in by the 'Right to Work' propaganda of bands like Chelsea and the Redskins. It is, as the Americans say, a crock of shit. Oddly enough pig-ignorant Irish has-been Bob Geldof summed it all up a couple of years ago when he remarked that "All these wanky little bands like Chelsea, singing about the Right to Work, are totally off the wall." (If my memory serves me correctly, Geldof also said something about 'the dignity of labour' being redundant. There may well be the only intelligent comments he's ever made.) Make no mistake, a man who goes to work every day is as Marx said, 'a tool, an automaton.' A life on society's outer fringe is preferable to anything that smacks of responsibility. And that's a fact...PETE SCOTT 1/198



THE X Southern Death Cult

"We're all in the gutter but some of us are looking at the stars."

I find it worrying, if not disturbing, the way that the SOUTHERN DEATH CULT have become so popular with young people just recently. It seems that everyone from the youngest Positive punk, for that is what they call themselves, to the most respected journalists, have fallen for their carefully disguised image as a pop group from Bradford, of all places, with leanings towards Red Indian culture and post-Punk Rock music.

I can now reveal for the first time, exclusively that the SOUTHERN DEATH CULT are 'nt from Bradford at all. Infact they are not of this planet. They are venusians from a planet many light years away from our own. At first I too was taken in by their master plan and went along to many of their gigs and even became a space cadet, that's what chief controller Ian calls their followers as I overheard one night.

It was ironic that I found out for sure at last year's FUTURAMA at Deeside. That they chose FUTURAMA was no coincidence. The little of the venusian technology that I did understand suggests this. They were 'nt fooling me with what looked like pinball machines and common space invaders, they were of course calling home and the absolute giveaway was the strange substances, not dissimilar to currys, they use as nourishment.

I better stop this before people start believing it. You wouldn't believe the number of people that took the Vice Squad interview seriously. But honestly compared with all the crap around at the moment it's like SOUTHERN DEATH CULT are from another planet!

In actual fact I was 'nt taken in straight away, when the likes of the Sky Boy, their manager and Dave, who did them in VAGUE 13, told me of these rampant warriors from the north, my mind was jaded with visions of Adam prancing about in all his feathers and stuff. But seeing is believing and meeting the buggers is a whole new ballgame.

This is gonna be another epic so I wont waste time on background which Dave covered more than adeq-

Pic: IAN ANDERSON



uately last time, but get on with what is now more recent history, actually this is why VAGUE 14 was 'nt out earlier - I've been roaming about the country with this lot. So forget about all this "Lets make a cult out of it and make it nice and safe". Something's been happening for a long time, infact it never went away, it was always there if you knew where to look. Listen to your uncle Tommy, you know I know best. Come with me, my friend to Staples Corner on a cold February afternoon.

It doesn't seem long in retrospect before Buzz meets me at a bus stop somewhere in Bradford but this hitch was to be quite an experience in itself - encompassing a maniac cyriot who mysteriously didn't get nicked for nearly going up the back of some pigs and my first dirty old man in over five years of hitching - he actually wanted to take photos of my legs! Have you ever seen my legs! That's what I call perverted.

Buzz is the most openly friendly and easy going. Behind the raw edged guitar and gothic (teehee) hairstyle there's a heart of gold. He shows me into Death Cult mansions where we watch a really mental film called 'Prime Cut'. The Sky Boy and me stay up into the early hours recalling tales of old Ants tours that never came to anything. We were still waiting.

When I eventually surface the next day I'm strangely nervous,

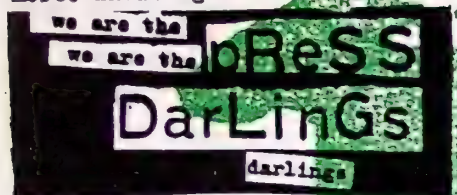
the Death Cult are the only band that I really wanted to talk to, not just to interview them but to reaffirm something that was lost some time ago. I've been kidding myself about bands and people that I wanted to think were genuine and sincere, when I knew full well they were 'nt. So I'll stop pissing about pretending to be a journalist and get on with the fucking interview. That's what you came here to see.

So we all invade Buzz's room and force him to switch off the telly. Barry has just arrived from Manchester and immediately takes control of the situation. Barry is like his bass cool and collected, always gives well thought out and intelligent answers. He doesn't have to try too hard.

Ian is a completely different kettle of fish. Barry's opposite but between them there seems to be a Death Cult chemistry which keeps everything ticking. As far as passion goes Ian is the best dressed man in town. Often naive always intense and idealistic. Ian has 'nt so much a chip on his shoulder as a bag of potatoes. Constantly delving into your mind to try and suss you out but when you've won his confidence he lets it all out. Opens his heart to you. A very warm compelling person but does tend to drift off and it's

difficult to stay with him at times. Ian tries very hard.

Then there's AkY of the rampant (Is that still the hip word to use) hair and drums, lounging in between them on the bed. I'm crouched on the floor just about to hit my fingersoll (that's recently turned very nasty indeed) into action once more. Exciting isn't it?



TOM: ARE YOU MAKING A CONSCIOUS EFFORT TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE? DO YOU NOT WANT TO BE OVER-

EXPOSED IN A SUPERFICIAL WAY? BARRY: It's a difficult thing to do keep a low profile. It has been for us anyway.

AKY: We're not anti-press as such. We dont believe in over-exposing just for the sake of it. Just using it to push something. I think the single sold on it's own merits.

TOM: ARE YOU FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO KEEP CONTROL?

BARRY: Yeah, it is. The difficulty lies in all 4 of us making the right decisions. If we all agree on not doing something then that's easy but more often than not we dont agree.

TOM: BUT HOW DO YOU COPE WITH THINGS LIKE KID JENSEN?

IAN: I did alright tonight.

BARRY: But did you enjoy it?

IAN: Yeah I did. I thought he was really genuine but he's not. He's just another little DJ cos he got really embarrassed with my answers - when I said come down the front and dance at Aylesbury and that John Peel hid behind his DJ stand - He was'n't into what was going on at all. He's got so much control on the radio. He makes all these funny little comments but when he was confronted with it, he run away from it.

GHOST DANCE

AKY: I think he was running away from the violence which is understandable. I fucking would.

TOM: DOES THAT BOTHER YOU, THE POTENTIALLY VIOLENT ATMOSPHERE AT YOUR GIGS? EVERYONE BEATING THE FUCK OUT OF EACH OTHER?

BARRY: We seem to have got away from that. We have'n't had a fight at a gig for a long time which is dead good. At one point I was really fucking bothered - maybe there's other outlets for the violence that used to happen at Ants gigs and that.

IAN: It's frustration and I sponse the gig atmosphere is a catalyst that lets it out. You're frustrated by situations you're

TOM: DO YOU THINK THAT'S A GOOD THING OR JUST ESCAPISM?

BARRY: In one way or another that's always what it's been, escapism of a sort. Sometimes aggressive, with the Ants it was often aggressive but that isn't necessary. Whatever your escapism is, I mean even in hippy days when everyone sat around and got smashed.

TOM: DO YOU THINK OF YOURSELVES AS ENTERTAINERS?

AKY: At the end of the day, it doesn't matter what we say, that's what we are.

IAN: Music's become just entertainment but I know there's an awareness there.

TOM: WHAT YOU MEAN AT ONE TIME IT WASN'T?

IAN: When it all started Rock'n'Roll was a rebellion. You've got to go back to the slaves singing the blues. It was hopeless, they could'n't do anything about it, so they just sang about the despair and all that. In the 70's it became a complete entertainment thing.

Southern Death Cult

TOM: IS THERE ANYTHING SPECIFIC THAT BRINGS YOU ALL TOGETHER?

IAN: There is something. We're not all sheep. We do see what's going on and a lot of it we dont like. I do it cos I've had enough - I can't hold back. It's not in me. I've got to state my case. I want to interfere with people's lives.

I dont think Southern Death Cult's a message. It's more of a reflection of what's going on around us and the way we interpret it. From the playing to the lyrics it's stimulated by what's around us. It gives us that energy. It's always been a reflection. If you're gonna get desperate about it, really desperate you take a stronger stance. Like in a way we're a diluted version of CRASS. We would never go out and do some of the things they've done. They take things head on.



AKY: But will they ever achieve anything with what they've done? IAN: They have achieved things. They're breaking lots of barriers down.

AKY: They probably are within the Punk thing but will it ever rub off on other people.

TOM: People think of them as 'Anarchist punks'. The people who are really changing things are the women at Greenham Common because they affect ordinary housewives. CRASS will

never affect people like that. BARRY: I 'spose it's methods. I dont really agree with CRASS' methods. I agree with the women at Greenham common. I dont know where I draw the distinction. I dont think the way that CRASS do it is the answer. I dont think it'll ultimately solve anything, infact I think it's a little bit violent.

IAN: I dont think it's violent. I think it's pure - like pure truths, they take it all head on. I'd be scared to do some of the things they do, cos I would'n't want the SPG knocking on my door and taking me away. I just have not got the guts to do what they do.

BARRY: A band is really just a group of people and their responsibility and their answers are to themselves. If it comes across and people get something from it then that's ace. If their outlook on life be the common ground rather than the music then I think there's something not quite right there. Maybe they should be a political party and not a bunch of musicians.

IAN: But they use Rock'n'Roll as a medium. A political party use TV and Radio and all that sorta stuff. I sponse Rock'n'Roll is another medium. Perhaps they should'n't abuse it...

For me to speak on their behalf with my convictions and my views and say it's a collective thing is wrong - that's not fair at all. Like I write all the lyrics, so when I'm singing a song it's not the band's idea, it's my idea.

The Flower in the Desert

TOM: SO WHAT INSPIRES YOU TO WRITE?

IAN: In the beginning I wrote silly stuff - I mean they turned out alright lyricwise, stuff like 'THE CROW' and 'THE CRYPT' - songs for the writing sake, taking things as a whole. But more recently I've been trying to find a really good way of expressing myself thru' my lyrics and it's been more personal and I think it's become a lot stronger. Take 'THE CROW' for example it's just about a crow flying about. Dave said it was a vision where the crow breaks down all mystical barriers and what have you - Then take 'FLOWER IN THE DESERT', that's about the people that are the pure people, that want to live their lives and dont want to live a mundane lifestyle - the flower being the pure people and the desert the mundane world - At first I was scared to express me ideas like that and I didn't know how to.

TOM: HOW DO YOU WANT PEOPLE THAT COME TO SEE YOU, TO TAKE YOU?

IAN: It's up to them. I dont like giving a diluted version of me to people to keep them happy and

Southern Death Cult Southern Death Cult Southern Death Cult

not tread on their toes. I tell 'em how I feel and it's up to them to make up their own minds. BARRY: That's why I say our ultimate responsibility is to ourselves. As long as we don't let ourselves down and just hope people that watch us get it. IAN: We can't kid ourselves at all. Even if you're preaching at people they'll make up their own minds whatever you do. AKY: It's just inspiring people that look at us and if they like what we do then they'll get into it. There's no point in waving a flag about cos that fools people into it. If they wanna know anything they'll ask. BARRY: Or just become an extension of your mind which is even worse. IAN: I don't know what's more dangerous the fact that people are gonna become part of our mind or part of the dangerous thing that surrounds them all the time... BARRY: It doesn't have to be either. TOM: DO YOU THINK THERE MIGHT BE A DANGER OF YOU UP THERE DOING IT SO PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE DON'T NEED TO? BARRY: That's a thought... IAN: I dunno. When I went to see the CLASH and the PISTOLS when I first came to this country, they made me do things, I came out of the army - They changed my life but I wasn't a total Clash or Sex Pistols person. They brought it out in me. AKY: The Pistols never did fly a massive preaching flag. They did it their way, people saw it and took it from there and that's what we're probably doing. You don't really need to fly flags. IAN: I 'spose if you've got the convictions of the flag you're waving then I think that's fair enough. BARRY: But I don't think you should have the right to push it on other people.

ALL GLORY

IAN: Ah No, I do think you should have the right. If some things happened to you in the past then there's no way you should keep it inside. Like me being in the army and being forced for a certain period of time to go into the army. If I met anyone who was gonna join the army, I'd say just don't do it and they'd say why not? I'd tell them my experiences and maybe they'd have second thoughts. Things like that. If it's happened to you then you've got a responsibility to tell others. BARRY: But you're making decisions for other people. If other people learn an answer from you, Ian, it's a false answer.

THE PISTOLS

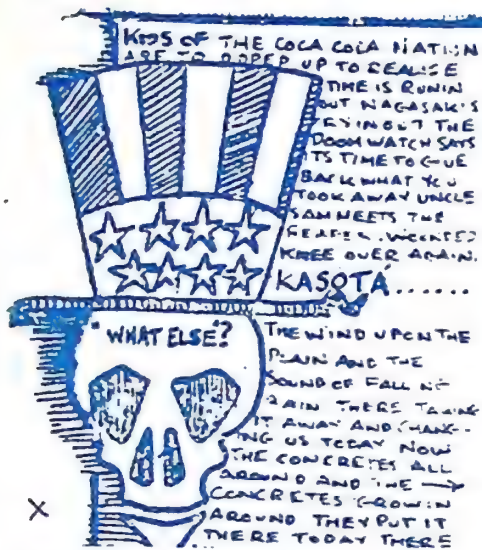
IAN: If you see people who need guidance and you're just going to say Oh you just go into that and fuck yourself up completely. I can't let myself do that. I can't let people get destroyed like that. TOM: But the Pistols and Crass and everyone just supplied that information, you can take it or leave it. BARRY: Yeah, Ian wouldn't be writing lyrics if they weren't there to be seen by people. When it gets to the stage where you're the indoctrinator that's when it's wrong. IAN: A teacher, yeah, I can see that. That's why I'm not in Crass right. That's one thing I couldn't do, like say shut up and listen to this. I'm not pushing it that way but I do feel very strongly about what I do. TOM: THAT WAS SOMETHING I'D BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU, IAN. WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU DOING IN THE ARMY? IAN: That was 3 years in the cadets. People all along the line saying you're doing really well, your shootings getting better, your nuclear fucking biological chemical warfare training's getting better - you wanna be an officer in the army and I thought God! This is the first time anybody's ever told me I'm great at something. So I thought, yeah, get into the army and when I got in there, there was this scottish kid who got put in army jail for bottling a corporal cos he was just pissed off with people telling him what to do. He only joined cos he had no job. He used to play Sex Pistols records in the barracks and say as soon as I get out of nick I'm running away. TOM: THAT'S WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND? IAN: There was other things, like it was just after me mum died - plus I was really into drawing and stuff. In the army if you're an individual they really exploit you. We'll make you a leader so everyone looks up to you or if you're too aware of moral things and you can't perform in a unit they kick you out and let society deal with you. You're a little subvert. It was an experience - I'm really scared about it. You know the Free Spirit - like in '1984' when Winston Smith realises that he knows things that he shouldn't and he's shitting his pants. He got into a false sense of security with that Goldstein thing and then he finds out it was just a con. This is why I'm not in CRASS. There's a lot of people that are into CRASS who jump up and down and say 'FUCK THE SYSTEM' but it's the people who really know who are really aware. BARRY: It's like relating the individual to the system. Because it's a system and you slag it off you feel safe because it's a VAGUE mass, you're not hurting anything. It's just a Big FAT thing. You think that you're safe because it can't pick on an individual. IAN: When you talk about the 'System' you say 'they', 'that', 'it' but that's 'us' when you get down to it. You push one bit of

the system and it goes full circle and gets you in the back.



IAN: Buzz designed this little character right and I thought it was a good symbol to exploit the system with. It represents the whole thing, multi-national corporations, the lot. I thought it was a good way of showing that. BARRY: I'm sure some people think it's about Fat men! TOM: I like it cos the Fatman's sorta cute but there's a serious side to it. It's good there's a sense of humour there. BARRY: I'm glad you see that. It's about time some humour came into it. It doesn't half seem as if we're real bloody stern warriors marching onto war with society. IAN: That's what I said to Kid Jensen tonight. He said it's a bit doomy isn't it, this Southern Death Cult thing? I said, No what's around us is doomy, we're not doomy, we're inspirational, we're well into it! I like the arrogance of 'THE SOUTHERN DEATH CULT' we are here, everything else got out of the way, the pure thing's here. TOM: WHY DID YOU HIT THOSE TETLEY BITTERMEN THE OTHER NIGHT, SURELY THAT'S DROPPING TO THEIR LEVEL? IAN: I was hitting out at everything they stand for. I wasn't just hitting them for the sake of it. If you've lived in a town for 20 years of your life, it's a lot easier to get into what you've been conditioned by. If you've had no outside experience like seeing the Sex Pistols. Some people got into it others rejected it. The ones that rejected it will just keep going, the Tetleys and that. They've been conditioned so much that they can't see anything further than what's in front of them, so they move round everything or punch it out the way. AKY: You can kinda relate it to Fashion. Take down in London everything changes so quickly and people see it all the time but up here ordinary people don't see change that much. TOM: I disagree. Everything's watered down by Fashion in London so much that it doesn't affect people anymore. IAN: Like that club 'The Tribe' in London 'a club for indians' pathetic isn't it?

CULTURE?? WHAT?? CULTURE?



THAT JUST AS IMPORTANT TO YOU?
BARRY: That is the only thing that is important to me personally. When we started the band that was the only reason I wanted to join.

IAN: I didn't know until I got into a position where I could express myself in what I'm doing. It's even more than the music to me. My experiences have made me what I am now. That's why certain things I will not let drop. I've got to say things because it's in me heart.

TOM: DO YOU THINK IT'S IMPORTANT THAT THE EMPHASIS SHOULD COME AWAY FROM LONDON? THE LONDON CLUB SCENE AND ALL THOSE BANDS - IT'S ALWAYS BEEN SO FALSE.

IAN: Taking the emphasis off Fashion and onto the pure beliefs of what we're doing.

AKY: It's all so false but they're probably getting their own satisfaction out of it. That's the way they enjoy themselves, you cant really knock 'em. They'll probably end up nothing.

IAN: We'll probably end up nothing.
BARRY: It's seldom a band that starts off like that and there is a lot and there'll continue to be a lot, that become a force to be reckoned with or have any lasting quality.

IAN: I think it's never.
TOM: DO YOU AIM TO DO THAT, TO KEEP IT GOING?

BARRY: That's a question we're frightened to answer.

IAN: I dont think I'd let myself keep flogging a dead horse. It's important to keep the attitude going.

TOM: Like in a way it's good that Theatre of Hate and the Jam kicked it in the head.

IAN: The Jam were just a conservative rebellion band. They were such an establishment thing. The North american Indian right, that's so far away from this world - a pure existence.

TOM: DO YOU THINK THAT PEOPLE IN ENGLAND HAVE'NT GOT ANY CULTURE?

IAN: Definately, they just take bits and pieces from what they see around them and make something up for themselves. It's sad really.

AKY: When parents bring kids up they dont give them any morals. I come from a really strong family background that is very cultural. I've got a culture. I've got morals. (You wouldn't believe this backstage at Aylesbury.Ed.) As for this lot here, except Ian perhaps, well they've all got morals except for Buzz. BUZZ: Are you really disgusted with me, AkY?

AKY: No I'm not really I'm just trying to say that you've got less morals than I have.

TOM: WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY MORALS?
BARRY: Well, in a society that changes this quickly, old traditions cant be as valid. Alright then, a background of knowledge and answers handed down. People look back to their culture and it provides them with answers and certain strengths.

IAN: Following bands, that's a whole culture within itself. That's a fantastic thing.

BARRY: But Ian, is that what you mean by culture?

IAN: I mean having something that you can always go back to. A standpoint.

BARRY: Something that helps give you your identity.

IAN: Yeah as opposed to things around you, conditioning you all the time.

BARRY: Ultimately though I think it's quite probable that western societies have'nt got a culture. Outside influences change too quickly. I dont think that's necessarily a bad thing.

I think it could be a false strength that people get from their culture. In the sense that

LAST GASP...

NOVA



NOVA

YOUR CHOICE - FOR A CHANGE.

the strength people get from their religion is often a false strength. A blind faith that is their answer thru' thick and thin. TOM: Religion goes back to the medieval thing that it's a good way of keeping people in their place.

BARRY: I read something ace last night. It was just a little line that said it's always been true in every society for thousands of years. The aristocracy have only ever paid lip service to any religion just to keep in with the masses and they've never believed in any of it. The Egyptians right thru'.

IAN: Every society. But look what's happened to all the great civilisations. They just fell apart, even ours is falling apart cos its roots have fucked off out of it. I think that's what happens when you're worshipping things like idols and you've got a guidebook. It's more natural things that stimulate me not like a book or a building.

ALY: People's attitudes to religion must change. Could you imagine a little kid who really loves God seeing those ministers and that saying we should have nuclear bombs.

BARRY: Judges for their own morality. They actually believe they've got a right to dictate other people's actions and morals. Culture is much more natural than that.

TOM: Yeah, sometimes I feel like going to live in a hut in Cornwall. IAN: Yeah, but after 3 weeks of it you'd want to know what's going on around the corner.

BARRY: It's a human thing. Possibly when you get really old you're not that interested, maybe that's when you die. In realizing that this is a transient period, people that are living thru' it are finding it hard to get a grip and get a bearing. We should be able to recognise where it's going but I can't, it's too difficult.

TOM: WOULD YOU HAVE WANTED TO BE ABOUT IN A DIFFERENT TIME?

BARRY: That's a thought. I've often wanted to be around in the future never the past.

IAN: I would've minded coating across the plains in the 880's. That's how you get by these days, you fantasise about the past cos the past was so strong.

ALY: Like when Arthur and all that were about. Somebody was probably interviewing some tribe about Arthur and they'd say we fucking hate Arthur, he's a cunt.

Everybody's complained. People have complained since time began.

IAN: Since Adam took a bite of the apple.

TOM: I THINK THAT'S HEALTHY TO QUESTION.

Today

WOULD YOU SAY YOU'RE OPTIMISTIC ABOUT THE PRESENT?

IAN: Yeah, I am, I went to a Sex Gang Children gig the other night and it was brilliant. I have't experienced anything like that for years. Great attitude. Everyone just jumping on each other. The concert situation is about the only thing left. You can really let yourself go. You can't like really let yourself go in the middle of the street or you'll get carted away.

ALY: I think the best concerts you can go to for that are reggae concerts. We can all appreciate what Sex Gang Children do, I just can't see the connection.

IAN: I can definately. There is a connection, the same sorta attitude at concerts. People enjoying themselves. No other bands have that.

BARRY: Alright, the connection between the two of us then is the audience, not the music, the intensity, the imagery, the passion or anything. It's just the audience.

TOM: I DONT THINK THEIR GIGS ARE ANY DIFFERENT TO ANY OTHER GIG. I THINK IT'S PUSHING IT A BIT CALLING THEM CELEBRATIONS.

IAN: Over the last few years people got so much out of the Ants say, that they had to rationalise it, say why was it so good? Cos it was a celebration. Before in the 70's, it was because it was a gig. Next time it might go beyond that. I think it's broken down a barrier.

BARRY: If saying that will achieve it, then great if dishonest.

IAN: If you know it's a celebration you dont say it cos you want it to go on. It's like the first nail in the coffin. Like calling it something like positive punk.

TOM: Like the Pistols saying they didnt care when they were the only ones that did. That kept it going.

IAN: So many people got something out of the Pistols they had to rationalise it and picked up on the sex punk thing. the Ants and the Banshees, then they got bands together and recreated it but in recreating it they added bits themselves so something new's come about. The attitude's just carried on, 60's, 70's, 80's, this is like the 4th revolution. That's what I think Sex Gang Children are whereas us, I think, we're a bit more like the Sex Pistols ...but I do like to call our gigs celebrations.

ALY: The Pistols went on TOTP's and signed to big record companies but nobody said they cant be a punk band because they're just out to make loads of money. (Think you'll find they did.Ed)

BARRY: It was their honesty to themselves and to others and their lack of pretensions that made it. That's why trying to analyse it afterwards fails.

ALY: But why cant we do that. IAN: It's different the situation has changed. If we piled on TOTP's now it wouldnt work because they've done it so we cant.

ALY: We could get half a million from CBS and tell everybody but would people take it the same way.

TOM: I dunno, sometimes people need reminding because I think everyone's forgotten what the Pistols were about.

BARRY: The only important point is that the Pistols got what they did thru' lack of pretensions and honesty to themselves and to their audience and you can do no wrong if you do all that no matter what else you do.

TOM: WHAT THINGS DO YOU MOST ENJOY DOING?

EVERYONE: Sex and travel.

TOM: FUCK OFF THEN.

...and what's more they did. Everyone's train of thought gets derailed and we all go to pieces.

It was really weird. Ian takes me off to the curry house and hammers me at pinball. Then Si and me go back to his to talk into the early hours. That's when we got into all the really good stuff by the way but christ you've had enough by now have't you.

The next day is Si's birthday so I foolishly volunteer to type up the tour itinary to earn my keep. That kept me going all day but that night Ian's back round with a bottle of whisky for Si. So it's another late night. The space commander is in an altogether more optimistic mood tonight. This should be a pretty crucial tour.

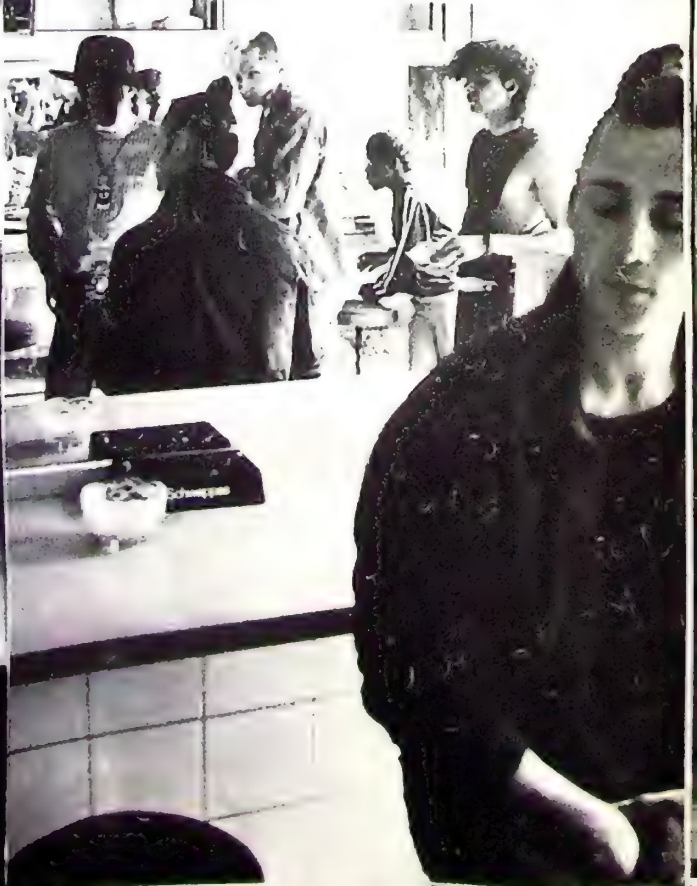
My stay in Bradford was an all out attack on my senses, the music tore my ears apart, Ian tore my brain apart and the curry tore my trousers apart. Next they're off to Fuck the Fat Bastard round the country and I fart about after them.

The day before the tour was to start we heard we heard that former number one follower, Dave was rehearsing with his band LAVOLTA LAKOTA (There you are Dave, your first mention - cant tell you anymore about 'em cos their drummer didnt turn up at the practise I went along to) and wouldnt be on this tour, so I have to go to Manchester to get some Vague money he owed me.

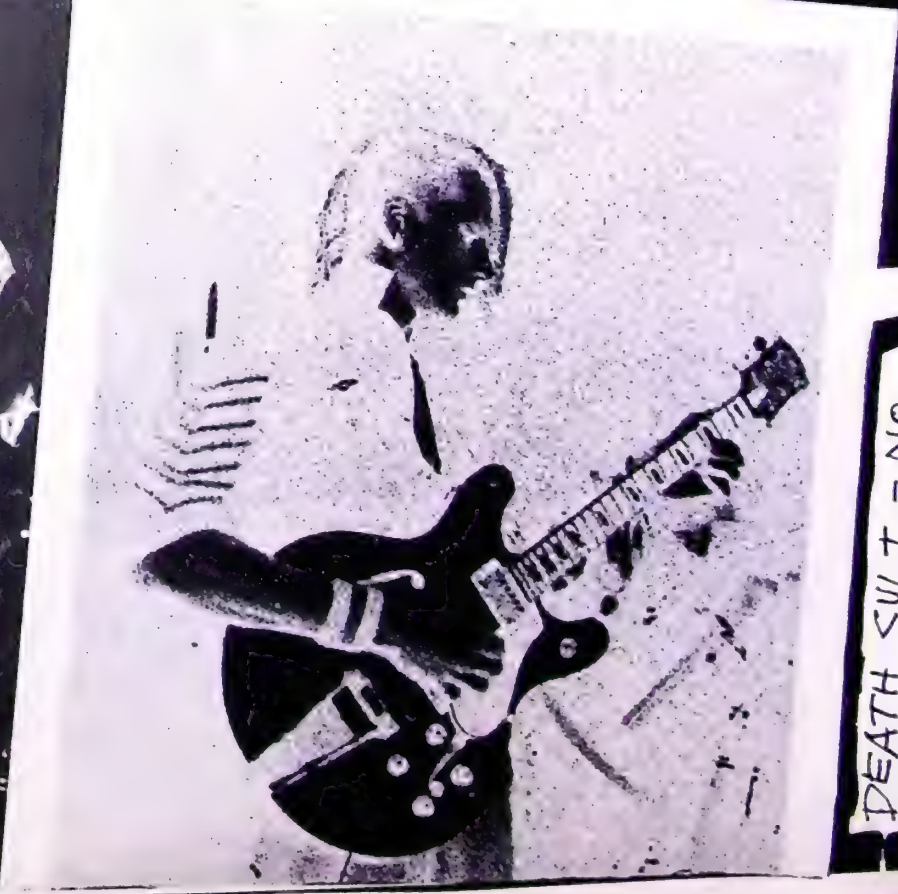
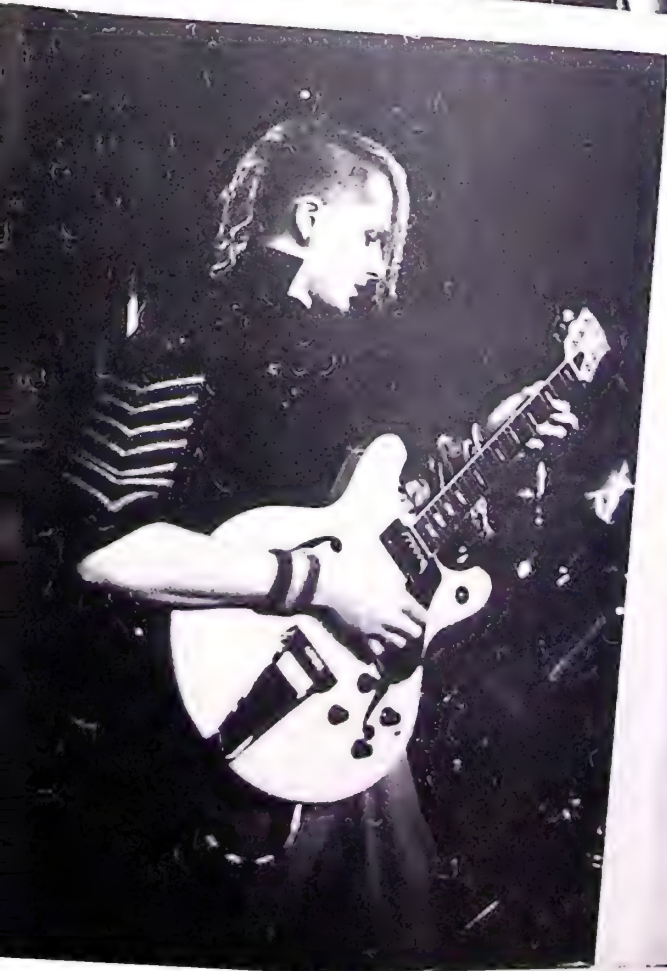
Did You No Wrong

151 LEGRAMS LANE / BRADFORD W. 10RKS Single Moya / Fatbastard out on Situation TWO wool wuf (c) 1984

INFORMATION



THE PECULIAR SOUTHERN DEATH CULT
SPECIES IN IT'S NATURAL + DERISIVELY
UN-NATURAL ENVIRONMENT BY
LAWRENCE WATSON.



DEATH CULT - NO
WORDS JUST ACTS
BY LAWRENCE.

THE 'FUCK THE FAT BASTARD' TOUR '83

Liverpool Warehouse, Thursday
17th February '83

The 'Fuck the Fat Bastard' tour starts unceremoniously in Liverpool on a dull and dreary Tuesday, but who cares when Boxhead's buying the drinks. When we somehow find our way back to the Warehouse I'm slightly embarrassed at how unsober I am, after all I said to Ian about pisshead journalists and that, but I needn't have worried because all the band are in a similar state, merrily taking death culture to the amassed scousers and scallies. I like the Warehouse, it's only £1.50 to get in and 70p a pint which is a good reflection on the so called positive alternative club scene in good old capitalist London. The place is packed out tonight with a very young collection of post-punk who are upstaged by the Bradford space cadets.

Better have a paragraph here I 'spose. Miss most of tour support ~~FOR NEXT~~ but they're something more than your average reggae band. They sorta do to reggae what Death Cult do to punk. The Carlo Orff (Theme from 'Excalibur') breaks out and I find myself beaming down at the front and even pushing and jumping on a few noses. S.D.C. have something compelling and uplifting about them. Something sadly lacking in most of the other contenders today. Ian radiates enthusiasm for what he's doing. He beams more than Abbo and Grimaes more than Andi. His face like the music is forever contorting with passion.

At certain points they drift dangerously near JOH territory and occasionally plod monotonously but when [The Current] on

'Apache' is hurtling out at you that does 'nt seem to matter. They're one of them now, you're not one of us anymore." I felt like shit, even tho' Sounds and Funk Laves wanted me to do this for them, my world is a million miles away from the likes of Mr. Sweeting.

I think he turned out a good bloke in the end. I've got to admit I was really dreading his thing on them but apart from his infatuation with Barnett it was sensible and well thought out. Unlike the rest of tonight's proceedings. I've got to admit this was a celebration. A celebration of optimism, enthusiasm and fucking good fun. Before the last encore they're all nodding and laughing at each other like schoolboy pranksters. Then they do a perverted version of 'Shakin' all over'. I thought I'd heard every possible version of it but given the Death Cult treatment it's just mental. Then everyone laughs and they roar off into 'False Faces'.

Retford Porterhouse, Friday
18th February '83

Still pissed when Adam, for that is he, sweettings, wakes me up at fuck knows what time. Seem to spend all day driving across the Pennines, well scenic, there's a place there actually called Peniston, imaging having to say you come from a place called Peniston, and we get totally lost in Sheffield but still arrive in Retford in time for Adam's proposed interview but apparently the band's van's broken down on the motorway.

So we have to entertain ourselves in sunny Retford for 2 or 3 hours. As the man himself said Retford is 'nt exactly promising territory for a S.D.C. gig but tonight in particular showcased (teehee) them at their rampant best. Adam was also quite taken aback at getting kicked out of this pub. I'm not one of them, I'm a journalist, look" he pleads as he thrusts his NUJ card at the

landlord. Mia turns to me "Oh you're one of them now, you're not one of us anymore." I felt like shit, even tho' Sounds and Funk Laves wanted me to do this for them, my world is a million miles away from the likes of Mr. Sweeting.

I think he turned out a good bloke in the end. I've got to admit I was really dreading his thing on them but apart from his infatuation with Barnett it was sensible and well thought out. Unlike the rest of tonight's proceedings. I've got to admit this was a celebration. A celebration of optimism, enthusiasm and fucking good fun. Before the last encore they're all nodding and laughing at each other like schoolboy pranksters. Then they do a perverted version of 'Shakin' all over'. I thought I'd heard every possible version of it but given the Death Cult treatment it's just mental. Then everyone laughs and they roar off into 'False Faces'.



Aylesbury Friars, Saturday
19th February '83

Hitch back that night after I loose my nerve attempting to bunk the train. Grab a few hours sleep then National coach it to Aylesbury. Talking of False Faces, the last time I was at Aylesbury Friars it was under very different cir-

cumstances, Adam was up there wallowing in all (his) glory that was soon to fade. This time there's this arrogant youth yelling "CBS can fuck off!" at everyone. Ian's very wound up tonight. The atmosphere is 'nt right at all.

Mia comes back to the stall and says "They're not the same tonight. They're not our band anymore." But I don't think Ian will give up his Southern Death Cult without a fight. 'Wait a minute my friend don't pass me up for dead...' They may need time or perhaps they'll never fit in at places like the past are. Those who forget the past are condemned to live it. I hope they have more than 15 minutes. Heaven knows...

(Namechecks tonight; the Franker actually made it to this one and Johna who just made it after getting stuck at Nottingham). Coming back in the van I realise I wouldn't be Ian for all the tea in China. He's hitting out at something that no ones had a pop at for a long time and that something's got to be pretty hard over the last five years.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

HEAVEN, Monday 21st February '83

Everything is 'nt fine outside of Heaven. There's over 2,000 of us locked outside and inside they're shitting themselves that the place could get trashed. They just didn't know what they were taking on here at all. There was an electric atmosphere under the arches, much better than in the gig. It looks like the doors are gonna get kicked in. If they had been there would have been no holding back. It should

THE GIRL
CAN'T HELP IT

WHILST I WAS UP TO AX THESE HIGH JINKS, LAURENCE WAS SNAPPING AWAY SOMEONE

have been a night of trashing and destroying everything that Heaven stands for. If those doors had gone it would have been a celebration. As it was they called in the pigs, the bouncers beat up a few young girls. Everybody filed in nicely, bought their £3 cock-tails, giggled at the old queens and it was just another night out in swinging London.

No matter how hard Ian tried to stir up something more than well rehearsed pretension it was just a gig. There's something about the fucking place that strangles anything that might be a threat so that it just dribbles out as a trendy stance. They tried tonight but they couldn't get there. About a quarter of the audience were behind them, the rest were just there because they were supposed to be there and the Southern Death Cult just doesn't work under those circumstances.

Derby Blue Note, Tuesday 22nd February '83

The next day Staples corner is absolutely mental but not as mental as mental as Derby Blue Note, which is about the size of our new squat and we haven't got enough room to swing a cat. So they've got to blow it out and I've got to hitch back cos I've got to sign on wednesday.

Newcastle Tiffanys, Wednesday 23rd February '83, Thursday 24th Hull Dinwells, Thursday 24th February '83

And of course I didn't get any money. It's about 2 O'clock, I'm in London and they're in Newcastle. Was I fucking pissed off. You'll know the feeling if you've ever been on a tour.

Nothing else matters but getting to the next gig. But I had to admit defeat this time. On Thursday I ponse some money and after I'm nearly nicked for bunking the tube, hitch it up to Liverpool to stay with Boxhead and see Danse Society.

Manchester Poly, Saturday 26th February '83

"This is for all you positive punks" shouts Mel of CANNIBAL FEAST, as he gets up onstage with YORE NEXT. It's the last night of the tour. Ian's wandering about the bar with an untouchable whisky bottle someone gave him. He looks very confused. The Bradford contingent are bouncing about merrily downstairs.

If anything is happening, it's happening in places like this and it's always been happening, thank-fully ignored by the taste makers in their ivory tower blocks.....

....until now that is.

All that is a long way from anyone's mind tonight. Except for Ian and perhaps Si and me. For this is the last night and possibly the last night like this or it could just be the beginning.

They all make a Clash style exit from the dressing room, guitars swinging from the hip, as Carlo Orfi fills the hall downstairs. Ian's brother and roadie, Brian, beats the toms on the first number. Sweat drips. Bodies burn. Tonight 'Moya' moves, 'All-Glory' kills and 'Faith' makes the air bleed. That intro should be dragged out for ever. When it all comes together Southern Death Cult can make the night stand still.

- Well, was that the best thing ever written on Southern Death Cult. It fucking better be.



WE NAME THE GUILTY GRILLS
This would've been possible if it wasn't for;
Ian, Si, Barry, Buzz, AKY, YORE
NEXT especially Pete, Anna, Mia,
Brian, Mel and all the Bradford
lot, Johna and friends, Leo,
Barnet, Our Kid, Boxhead, Adam
Sweeting, Dave and everyone at
Hulme Walk, the Windermere
contingent, Sue from Beggars,
Our Marina and Mick, Mik the
Dean, Our Roge, me man, Ian
Wilson, the Frank, Russel Mears,
Jonh and Robin and oh shit I
forgot to mention BRILLIANT at
Heaven. What I saw of 'em was
miles better than Futurama. I
wanted to get an interview with
them in here but it doesn't
look like we're gonna make it.
To people that really know
Death Cult everywhere and the
obligatory, anyone that I
forgot.....VAGUE '83

The Southern Death Cult celebrate the

This is what JONH WILDE made of it all;

"Commercial success is not our goal - the aim is probably just to get stronger...to keep that feeling VITAL!" (Buzz) (Steady on, Buzz - notice how they use the name's of astronauts: Ed) VITAL is a key word as the Death Cult's fevered rhythm meets its own shadow on the dancefloor. Another Death Cult gig and not just another gig. Something special stirs - there's that occasional feeling of urgency and expectancy...some lurking doubt, shattering the calm of routine rock gigs. The Fucking Death Cult. The first fifteen rows are a deranged whirlpool of bodies, maddened bats in the belfry...the chaos spills in a deluge around you. This is the edge! And this is just the beginning...in a crowd at a Southern Death Cult gig. This is a manic dash of spirit, a tormented bewildered dance. This is the Real Dance. The risk for me is not going over the top. The risk is falling short of a burning thrill. It's the risk of selling the imagination short. That's the real sin.

The Southern Death Cult celebrate the burning vision...
...shatter the silence....the

chaos of the Southern Death Cult and the clamorous vitality of their colourful new outlook...fucking burn again! Reading the NME hack gleefully hacking away at their Manchester gig and knowing that somebody was missing the point - a rock approach to an inflamed music at the raw edge, beyond, way beyond the dated rock attitude. Who wants HOPE?

Death Cult...the furious will to the next sensation... all about a spirited Beyond, an exelling potential, at last a rigorous rejection of the hopeless, false enthusiasm and colourless complacency that litters and festers within the 80's pop wasteland. The shrill thrill and the contained violence of the Southern Death Cult says 'Where is my youth? This is the Death of indifference!' the air is filled with dreams.

The 80's darkness - its sometimes dreary disillusionment, New Order to now, Cure, Bunnymen - neglects to take the search far enough. Death Cult's wild abandon says despair is not enough: action, truth and the next sensation are just enough. They treat dark and light with the wildest stretch of imagination and a true sense of what is right and wrong with

this world. The dark portals are flung wide open, then...the great prospect is the leading light of the soul's desire. (Come again.Ed) Such is our thirst. And there's no place for pretence when there's so much at stake. Why should we vanish now without realising anything, losing everything and drifting with aimless inconsequence.

'They may not make a hit!' But they'll knock you sensible - restore the spirited ways.

Watching the songs advance towards the last, frantic breath, to verge of a furious inspiration; the release is a flaming, intoxicating passion...TIME IS RUNNING OUT...but Death Cult dont hold with a passive surrender. Those fucking songs. The battlecry is regain the Future...it's time to restore the inspiration, bury the delusions, the despair, the dead submission, rejuvenate the frenzied enthusiasm. Find the love that burns!

AND ALL GOOD PEOPLE WHO'VE LOST IN LOVE SHOULD NEVER LOSE THEIR SOULS

Don Watson (NME) on Death Cult, talking about a lack of charisma and Ian's imperfect presentation; well, for me, if there's one thing that SDCult are indifferent

INDIAN AMERICA PART 2

"As the Cheyenne will tell you, the strength of the Indian Nation is in their women. No matter how straight your arrows, no matter how brave your warriors, No nation is defeated until the hearts of the women are on the ground."

To continue from the introduction in the last VAGUE, this piece concentrates on sterilization of Indian women as a response to the letters I had which were interested in this aspect especially. It is an emotive issue but it is a very real part of the US Government's campaign of Genocide against the American Indian. Remember these people are resisting but from within the belly of the monster - the USA, to which the UK has been reduced to a pawn, a lackey to a system based on greed. Native resistance could undermine the monster from within and more so with an increased awareness of the Indian struggle, a fight which is for all human beings.

In the 19th Century the weapons were guns and epidemics but now the insidious Indian 'Health' programs practise forced and uninformed sterili-

zations on Native people in increasing numbers. Lee Brightman, United Native American's President, estimates that of the native population of 800,000 as many as 42% of women of childbearing age and 10% of the men have been sterilized.

Recent research supports this; an official inquiry by Dr.C.Uri reported that 25,000 Indian women had been permanently sterilized within the Indian 'Health' service facilities alone through 1975. Reports indicate an increase; at Claremont, Oklahoma 132 Native women sterilized in 1973; 1974 at the same hospital 52 Native women sterilized in July alone. Information points out that full-bloods are being singled out to the extent that native sources report there is one tribe in Oklahoma in which there are NO FULL-BLOODED WOMEN WHO HAVE NOT BEEN STERILIZED.

There are firm guidelines for sterilization published in 1974 but these have been violated (again the US cant keep its own laws) Non-compliance is a federal violation yet despite numerous offences no individuals or clinics have been significantly penalized.

The true extent is revealed; native women are reluctant to discuss sterilization publicly; hospital records are often incomplete or "lost" and many women do not discover until months or years pass that they have been sterilized.

Brightman visited the Rosebud reservation in South Dakota - in only a weeks time he had located 7 young native women who'd been sterilized unknowingly, unwillingly, or on the basis of misinformation. For example 2 went to the Indian Health Services hospital on the reservation to have their appendixes removed and came out without ovaries. One 16 year old girl emerging from anathesia after delivering her first baby was told that she "was fixed so that she would not have more kids until she was 18." She is now 21, married and has not conceived, plus the hospital has no record of her being sterilized.

Another young woman entered the hospital with an ovarian cyst and was convinced that she should have a hysterectomy (complete removal of reproductive system) although she only needed the cyst removed. Another was sterilized right after child-

Everything Vision (Aylesbury / London / Manchester)

...it's a finely shaped, contrived mode of entertainment. Are we back to frowning upon the rough edges that are often an essential part of the real sense of danger.

Ian, at Aylesbury, sensing the cool complacency, the rock sort of expectation, the basic lack of challenge...EXPLODING... "It's not a fucking freakshow! Don't stand there...just fucking enjoy it!" then they burst into a definitive 'Moya'. Between their seething, sensual potency and what passes for adventure and true provocation in music, lies quite some truths.

I HAD SO MANY DREAMS...

SDCult retain the instinct for suspecting everything and everybody that builds up around them -- determined that SMASH HITS, FLEXIPOP or SOUNDS won't turn them into something they're not. Death Cult still stand well clear of pop's shallow lure, resisting the dilution of their true potency. Spread the poison!

This short tour, seeing them struggle sometimes with the size of the venues, the real fear of growing up too fast and not experiencing everything as Ian mentioned to me. He went on to say that they basically want to play the small clubs for another 12

months. The major record companies stand by, hungrily, advances in hand, ready to re-shape... polish those rough edges off - the group keeping their distance from all that shit. Beggars Banquet, thank Christ, patient and realistic. Like with SDCult all those abstract shapes like honesty and commitment, we take those for granted, that's just the vehicle, the destination is a lot more ambitious.

The set now...a forceful array of songs with a crucial edge, the only lapses and the only points where they falter just now are 'the Crypt' which occasionally stretches too long for it's own good and 'Faith' which usually veers off the right track with its antiquated and squalid metal guitar indulgence. (I love it, me! Ed)

Quite simply, the best music of any kind distinguishes itself by extending its strengths beyond its own style and limits. The best music is subversive and sensitive. Music that threatens and disturbs the calm. Music that burns and touches the naked edge of emotions. If SDC make 'Rock Music' then they take THAT kind of rock music. Their rock-form has fuck all to do with moderation or bland reality. If you don't see the desperation in

their straining passion, then show where the power is in your music and where it lights up.

The urgency and startling immediacy in John Coltrane's jazz the NME's Richard Cook recently described as 'chasing the state beyond the heat of the moment' is sometimes the crucial race against time in the most frantic of Death Cult's brink of chaos. It would be tragic if we expected any less. Break on thru'..

WORDS ARE NOT ENOUGH. ACTION IS EVERYTHING. BEING IS BELIEVING.

"There's a risk of verbalising too much, in attempting to define the feeling of SDC, the motivation for people coming to gigs or whatever. It's often the indefinable." (Ian Death Cult)

To close...the fools paradise that is 1983 pop is all too lacking in timeless quality, character and spirit. Too much now is shadow without substance, a shallow essence...a heavy, lumpen hollowness. Death Cult go a long way to restoring some bitter challenge. BURN! BURN! BURN!.....JONH WILDE.

Fertilization of Native Women

birth while still drugged because her mother, convinced by the Doctor that her daughter (in perfect health) would die if she attempted to have more children, signed a consent form on her daughter's behalf; mother had recently been persuaded to undergo sterilization herself on a similar pretext.

These are not unfortunate "slip-ups" but indicate a conscious part of the US Government's genocidal campaign against the Indian. Government hospitals use lies, scare tactics and misinformation to coerce Native women to undergo sterilization.

Native people are not the only targets, the US Government and private interests use sterilization as only one of their weapons throughout the world. For example since 1966 the US Government has funded sterilization for poor women instead of other modes of birth control; estimates show that 100,000 to 200,000 poor women were sterilized in the USA just in 1973. In Puerto Rico 35% of women of childbearing age have been sterilized; Columbia 1963-65 - 40,000 women coaxed by gifts of lipstick, artificial pearls, etc, into sterilization. Elsewhere population control

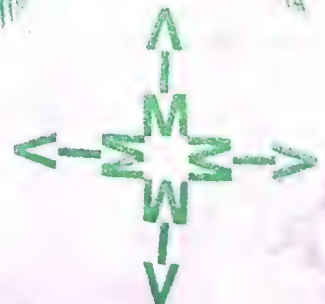
projects are funded with dangerous, experimental sterilization techniques being used by repressive governments on "troublesome" ethnic groups. How long before the poor women of the UK are experimented on; the blacks, the Asians, the Punks? Especially as Britain increasingly becomes a dependant satellite of the USA. By helping the natives who fight from within the belly of the monster, we would be helping ourselves.

Sterilization is more than the of women's rights and racism. It stems from a system of greed and with the aim to secure more and more of the world's resources. This is reflected in the escalation of native sterilization. Overpopulation isn't the problem as the entire native population is only 2/5 of 1% of the US total! Rather the Indians are in danger of extinction. Brightman accurately states that sterilization is part of the "insidious scheme to get Indians land" once and for all. In the USA 58% of unmined Uranium, 30% of unmined coal, oil, copper, timber and other resources is on Indian land; so by KILLING OFF THE UNBORN the government will have no more need for legislation - there will be no more Indians left to hold the land.

Fearing public outcry the US Government has kept its Native politics unpublicised. Court cases are being fought and the disgusting abuses are being uncovered as women gain the confidence to come forward. Your support will be needed, however, if the powerful forces motivated by the desire to control everything are to be stopped and the natives are to be given the chance to survive.

If you want to help or for info please write to;

DAVID (Y.T.S.G.M/CR)
97 Hulme Walk,
Hulme,
Manchester,
M15 6DL.



...AND THIS, THIS IS
WHAT IAN MADE OF
IT ALL...

THE

Death

YOU MIGHT HAVE DETECTED
THE DIFFERENCES AND
FRUSTRATIONS WITHIN THE
BAND, UEN, I RUNG SI
ABOUT 2 WEEKS AFTER THE

TOUR + HE TOLD ME, IT HAD ALL COME TO A HEAD ONCE MORE, AT ONE TIME WE HAD
THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO WORK AGAIN BUT IT HAD FINALLY GONE BEYOND THE POINT
OF NO RETURN + EVERYBODY THOUGHT NOTHING FURTHER COULD BE ACHIEVED IN THE
EXISTING FORMAT.

THE 3 MUSICIANS, AXY, BUZZ + BARRY STAYED TOGETHER + ARE REHEARSING
WITH A MYSTERY NEW VOCALIST, THEY HOPE TO RETAIN THE SPIRIT + EXCITEMENT
IN THE NEW GROUP, "WE BELIEVE IN THE FUTURE OF THE BAND + NOT TAKING
MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETENCES",

IAN IS TO MAKE A FRESH START, "A NEW ASSAULT WITH NO COMPROMISE,"
WITH HIS BRUV BRI, FORMER S.D.C. ROADIE + OCCASSIONAL PERCUSSIONIST IN
CHARGE OF THE BEAT + BILLY DUFFY, GUITARIST FROM THEATRE OF HATE, AT THE
TIME OF SENDING VAGUE 14 TO IT'S MAKER THAT'S ALL I KNOW, VAGRANTS HAVE
BEEN SENT OUT FAR + WIDE, SEARCHING ALL THE LOST OUTPOSTS OF SUBVERSION
BUT THIS TIME IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE BEEN EVADED, WATCH THIS SPACE... WHY
WHAT'S IT GOING TO DO? LEAVE IT OPEN FOR 2 MINUTES + IT'LL TURN INTO A ROCK!
N'ROLL BAND!

Vivisection

NOT TO GO ON AN FOURS - THAT IS THE LAW
NOT TO SUCK UP DRINK - " "
NOT TO EAT FLESH NOR FISH - " "
NOT TO CALL BACK OFF TROLLS - " "
NOT TO CHASE OTHER MEN - " "

HIS IS THE HOUSE OF PAIN
" " HAND THAT MAKES
" " HAND THAT HEALS
" " DEEP SALT SEA
" " LIGHTNING FLASH

© IAN 1981 (liberated from H.G. Wells)

ALL GLORY

MY COUNTRY IS OF THEE,
THE GLORY GAME IS HERE AGAIN,
THE BOOKS + FILMS SHOWED A DIFFERENT WAY,
THE SINNERS WAY.

BUT UIN WORLD WAR III MAKE OUR HISTORY,

AS THE WARMONGERS FATHER,
AT THE FOOT OF THE SCRAP CRAP HEAP,
RED LIGHTS TURN TO GREEN.

THEY'VE GOT TO CHEAT YOU TO GET
PICK UP YOUR HEADS, RAISE YOUR HEADS,
RAISE, RAISE.

© IAN 1982

APACHE

The Crow



THE CROW FLIES FASTER /
DESTINATION
POURFUL SWEAT BACK BODY
PUNS THROUGH CLOUDS AFTER CLOUD
MAJESTIC RULE OF SCAVENGERS
SHE SURVEYS HER KINGDOM /
HIS KINGDOM
WHY DOES SHE FLY X 2

© IAN 1981

FAITH

SWEAT DRIKS / SWEAT STICKS
SWEET SWEETS OF GW
STATIC FRICTION THUNDER CRACKS
A FINAL TEAR OF HN

HEAVEN KNOWS NOBODY

A ONCE PROUD NOBLE MAN
LIES FACE DOWN / THE ROADSIDE
BOTTOM CUENCHES IN HIS HAND
OUTTA SIGHT OUTTA MIND

UIN GUNS UIN SURVIVE
WE BROUGHT CHRISTIANITY TO YOUR LAND
JERUSALEM
WE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND

AND AFTERWARDS WE THREW YOU INTO
TRADING YOUR LIVES FOR BEADS
WE BROUGHT GREED + IGNORANCE
TO YOUR LAND / JERUSALEM
WE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND

WE BROUGHT INSTITUTIONS
TO YOUR LAND / JERUSALEM

WE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND
AND AFTERWARDS WE DISCOVERED
THAT FAITH IS ALL YOU NEED © IAN 1982



13th

Chime

Something

We
Dug Up

by Gavin.

13th Chime began life (after death) as the Autix, about 3 or 4 years ago in a small Suffolk town called Haverhill. Originally they had no bass player and consisted of Gary O'Conner - guitar, Mick Hand - vocals and Ricky Cook - drums. They gigged as a threesome a couple of times and after on they found Rupert to play bass.

After more gigs in Haverhill and surrounding areas, they lost Rupert, due to his tragic death from an asthma attack at a Dead Kennedys gig in West Runton. Despite this they kept on. More bad luck was on its way, however, when Ricky got stabbed by a skinhead in Cambridge. After he recovered they found another bass player - Terry Taylor or Crow, as he is credited as the first single - who was in the WYND-PESS before they split. From here on they gained a good live reputation and a large punky following. Their numbers included 'LIFE AFTER DEATH' (which most people reckoned was the best), 'SEXUAL SPASM', 'REALITIES', 'ANARCHY GAMES', 'INTERVIEWING', 'COFFIN MAKER', 'CUTS OF LOVE', 'ICE', 'WILD ENEMIES' and the fab 'MEMORIES', the latter and former written about Rupert.

In June 1981 they changed their name to 13th Chime which suited their morbid fascination with death, black magic, the evil etc (YAWN ED), better than the punky Adam rip off Autix.

Their first gig as 13th Chime was with THEATRE OF HATE at Cambridge Tech. TOH had just lost one of their many guitarists. This and the fact that they played badly meant that 13th Chime blew 'em off. Most

people went to see 13th Chime and TOH were an added bonus - this may sound a bit biased - and it probably is - anyway Mick Hand hasn't got big ears.

After this they introduced new numbers into the set and 'ANARCHY GAMES' and 'LIFE AFTER DEATH' were dropped with the old name. The new numbers were '13th VICTIM', 'CURSED AND CANDLE CORPSE'. Up until Christmas they gigged regularly in Cambridge, with the Meteors twice, and 3 more numbers appeared - 'FLY', 'SO GHOSTLY' and 'SCREAMING BELLS', all of which were gradually dropped. Fuck knows why, coz they were all good songs, 'FLY' being a great intro song to rate with the likes of 'UNWIND' and other such live openers.

After Xmas they gigged less and we didn't see 'em again 'til they supported TOH at Cambridge Corn Exchange. They had changed quite a bit then. New opener 'FIRE' and another newie - 'HIDE AND SEEK' - plus one. (I still don't know what it was called). From here on they began to get a bit like BAUHAUS - ex.

A few months later, after more gigs, they stopped playing for about 3 months and when we saw them again they had gone through another musical change. Before this 3 months disappearance Gary O'Conner did vocals with Mick in a song called 'SALLY DITCH'. First time Gary sang on stage since 'LIFE AFTER DEATH' was dropped. Anyway their new set had a more danceable beat to it and only 3 old numbers were kept - 'COFFIN MAKER', 'DUG UP', and '13th VICTIM' - the rest being recently written material. One new number featured guest vocals, by Giles, old punky follower.

When they first began they had obvious ANTS/BANSHEES influences and since they went through several stages to reach their present musical style. Obvious names to drop are TOH, UK DECAY and BAUHAUS, the latter trends to have taken over from the others.

But they have an original style of their own which comes out well on the new single 'FIRE'. In fact they have always had a style of their own and rate as one of the best bands I've seen.

It just seems a pity they don't get fuck all in the way of press coverage ('CURSED' slagged off in sounds) coz they deserve to be noticed. They seem to revel in their obscurity 'tho a lot of people have heard of them and they've played London quite a few times.

Their singles so far are 'COFFIN MAKER/ CUTS OF LOVE', from their early punky days, on JELLY JAY recs. only 500 made and all sold out quite quickly.

'CURSED' b/w 'DUG UP' on their own label which was better produced than the disappointing 'COFFIN MAKER/CUTS OF LOVE'.

The most recent single 'FIRE' b/w, 'HIDE AND SEEK/SALLY DITCH' is also on their own label as they shyed away from a deal with BACKS RECS. which meant a 3 year contract. Production on this a bit flat but still very good single. On 'SALLY DITCH', Gary sounds really smashed and probably was - the best way. Their own style of voodoo punk, was started a long time before these hip London bands SEX GANG CHILDREN et al got going and it doesn't come out all corny like HM etc.



You Can't Put Your Arms Around A Corpse

Trying to get the Parasites to 2 together. We started to feed together (Shit! We were here, we were!) what sorta person the previous tenant was. In the kitchen was a tell tale spoon with burnt wax underneath it and a certain familiar gunge in it. We soon discovered wax all over the place and the walls were randomly splattered with blood. The bog was like an H-Block cell, blood and shit was smeared all over the walls. The excrement really hit the fan when the pigs came round at 6 one morning and the Kid had to convince them that we were clean living boys and our junkie predecessor was long gone.

I have'n't got the compulsion or the space to make this as comprehensive and well researched as the excellent 'Britain on the Junkheap' in NME but I just had to have a shout at all the young people fucking up their bodies and minds with various shit.

One of the most alarming trends of '82 was the definite re-establishment and glorification of drug use. But for speed, Punk had severely kicked the disease in the head but it didn't affect enough people and as the rot set into the music on the streets this malignant growth grew and grew.

This largely un-noticed epidemic of the early 80's was brought on, I suppose, by disillusion. Everyone had had their high expectations shattered. The same as the Timothy Leary generation who turned on to acid and saw their dreams of changing the world turn into hallucinogenic nightmares.

In one way or another Rock'n'Roll is the reason why most young people get into drugs. Rock'n'Roll deals in fantasy, usually sexual fantasy, but if you can't achieve sexual prowess, Rock'n'Roll has a replacement for it. You might not be able to get it up but you can get it up your nose (Then you definitely won't be able to get it up but what the hell, you've got a new love). You're not necessarily inadequate or deficient in any way, but you're made to think you are by being continually bombarded with all the bullshit about the beautiful place at their beautiful trough - which usually results in never ending rounds of plastic conk specialists and miracle surgeons.

There is something to be said for taking everything to the extreme and that is what R - if you believe everything you read about your R'n'R heroes, Morrison, Moon, Marcia and our Sidney. They were inadequate! Nothing more than pampered egos.

Every junkie I've ever known was trying to emulate someone, usually a dead popstar. That of course is not including the millions of middle aged housewife junkies. With smack it's 9 times out of 10 it's some sorta idolatry worship of some cool wasted Americanised rebel stance (stand up Keef, Johnny Thunders and all the clones/stories if you can). Unfortunately most of these are still alive (or you can call it that). They make me sick. It's nothing to them to get cleaned out and start all over and especially with our Keef he's probably got big stakes in the business side of things.

That's another thing, anyone who thinks he's rebellious and alternative is a total wanker. The big time corruption and exploitation that goes on in the drug business makes Cross Records seem like a hill. What the pathetic junkie chokes to death on his own vomit, the fat man just gets fatter.

The other end of the scale is even more frightening. When the pubescent dreams have gone. You can always escape into the nether world of dope and no glory. The drippy happy outlook is at really an outlook at all. Very little matters in their narrow minded insular little worlds that they retreat into. They lose reality. Hipsters can be summed up by 'The world's not a nice place so I'll get out of it, man.' Then they kid themselves that they're on a different astral plane to the rest of us and they know the true cosmic meaning, manna!

Infact the majority of hippies don't like this at all. They don't think period. They just vaguely wonder where the next big deal is coming from and if they can afford machines as well. Which they usually find incredibly difficult to work out. The only thing they get excited about is when it gets round to mushroom season again.

They're not really concerned with any cause except their own, although they might irritably pay lip service to love.

the whole CND/Anti-racism and especially Legalise Cannabis, which is the biggest joke of them all. That will achieve similar social advances to voting Tory. Let's make this resoundingly clear, there's nothing rebellious whatsoever about getting stoned out of your brain. It's just a shitty way out of it. But in the final analysis I suppose you pays your money you takes your choice.

They're not weak people as such. The dope dens and mushroom fields are't just filled with the simple minded children of the bourgeoisie. A large percentage now are unemployed class kids who picked up on the habit at gigs and now wonder why they can't be bothered to go to gigs any more.

Perhaps there is one thing that can get them back at the gigs, the dreaded speed. Forgetting the pathetic speed freak image that with the advent of Punk superseded flower children pretending to be stoned. But somebody forgot to tell them in Bath. Speed is the only drug that makes you get up off your arse and do things. It increases your IQ by an average of 8 points and unless you're a total bloody tragedy it's not addictive unless it's injected. You can use speed rather than be used by it. It makes you aware as

opposed to the distant defeated dregs caused by everything else.

Seeing as I've decided to rip apart most of this shit from 'The Boy looked at Johnny' (Fluto Press I get it if you still can) I might as well put a chunk from Barclay and Parsons. Significantly the only Punk face to be busted was the one who singlehandedly instigated the movement, Johnny Rotten. Appropriately speed is the only drug which acts as a spur! The only social mobility drug. It is the only drug that can make a proletarian need more intelligence, but the confidence to stand down on them. Speed is the only thing that can take the place of elocution lessons and as Johnny's was put when interviewed about the style of her eye getting caught. It was only speed. It was not a hard drug. Mother knows best.

Although 'The Boy looked at Johnny' is even more relevant today than when it first appeared on the book shelves 5 years ago. Even our dolls are addicted to drugs and become a bit like us. We don't even need speed. Not anymore. We just know we can do it. And we can stuff all the plastic shit from your world right up your fat arse.

Funny thing happened to me

On the way to the launderette

The other day

Heavy head games

With this hippy lady Man

VAGUE 12 had just been
banned

From the Lady's

Save the black

Feminist

homosexual

vegetarian

whale

shop for

being

DIFFERENT

SEXIST

WHAT THE VAGRANTS SAY:

TOM: I find hippies
insulting to the
human race.

UD: Does'nt bother me.

All they're good for
is fucking
and making the tea.

KID: That reminds me
I could'nt half do
with a portion.

Do you think that

hippy goes?

FOUR GRILS

Found the 'Love and Romance'
Story, insulting to women

WELL FREUDIAN EH?

HATE LETTERS FOR OUR BOYS

Propaganda letters are being sent to Service men's homes, causing distress to their families. Last night a Foreign Office spokesman said: "They are resorting to pretty low tactics."

Parts of it had been rewritten by the Argentinians, who called him a liar. The letter warned him: "You should tell the truth."
Phillip's mother, Mrs. Myra Hannon, spoke yesterday of the fear and revulsion she felt when she opened the letter.

Said Mrs. Hannon, 47: "It was a terrible experience. I felt quite sick."

"I was scared and upset. What must it be like for a widow, or a family who lost a son in the Falklands?"

TOUGH FUCKING SHIT!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

BRITISH FORCES MAIL
BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER
PAR AVION AEROGamme

Revulsion

A SINISTER hate-mail campaign is being waged from the Argentine against Britain's Falklands heroes.

pathetic

anarchist

asshole

liberal

TOM VAGUE (?)
34 THE PARAGON
BATH
AVON

You, you wankers have a fucking hell of a lot to answer for. And by this I want a reasonable explanation into the Falklands - pin-take in a recent issue which had a do on. Theatre of Hate.

I think we should start with who on that page on the top right hand corner with a picture of a bloke off the Sheffield and what written above his head. So that's funny is it? Well I'd tell you this, I had a mate who fortunately for himself, was a survivor of that terrible fate, and you have just insulted him, me, his family & the whole of the Task Force. Secondly, the bit about parents mothers & girlfriends & wives, who need solace in a big rock. Ha! Big Man are you? My girlfriend would visit you and any of your trendy friends for breakfast so you can shove that one in.

If it's so fucking funny to make an idiot out of me and all the persons concerned in the Operation, then it's so funny for me to take you out with a crow bar across your head. For that is what I intend to do. And if I don't, I've got a mate who lives not far from you, and I think him & his gang of skin will be a few patrol bombs through your front window just for good measure.

Historically, we, the Royal Navy Task Force didn't commit ourselves to go to war, because that's what the Navy was about. When a ship's company is congratulated on its bravery it's not because we did because we felt it necessary, when you're in a ship & an admiral tells you to do so, you have no fucking choice. And as always the skipper of the boat is always keen, nationalistic, ready

to carry out the cause etc etc. So have I made that clear or do you not understand plain English? We didn't want to go because we knew what we'd ahead, and look what happened, a waste of British & Argentine HUMAN LIFE. That's disgusting. And you're a cunt because your ignorant to those simple statements. I hope you have learned something because when a country has 3 million or 100 dole there isn't much fucking choice. I could go on for ages about all this, but I don't have time space, but I hope I have put a basic, simple outline as to what most of you are about which is

FIGHT WAR NOT WARS CROSS.

CHRIS BUTLER

P.S. See if you've got the bottle to write back and if you have then I look forward to hearing from you.

WANKER

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS (PLEASE SHOW YOUR POSTCODE)

Chris Butler

30 Ness

HMS Glasgow

90 BFPD STIRPS

LONDON

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT MAY BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

SECOND FOLD HERE

WELL, I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY BUT WE DID REALLY WANT A BLOCK OF FLATS, NICE THO' THE ABATTOIR IS

WATCH OUT BABY! WHAT YOU'RE DOING THIS IS MORE THAN TEENAGE RUIN!

Those NOT SO Lovable



SPiKeytops



over the last 2 or 3 years everyone's been running around blindfolded, not sure which direction they're supposed to be going in. Divided and confused by the many pitfalls, many went backwards or simply stood still. However there is a certain subsidiary of 'Punk rock' that seem to have very effinate ideas on which way they're going. Spawned by CRASS in 1979-'80, this school of thought and attitude can best be personified in it's founders' name...

Until late last year I did not see any point in writing about them except for the occasional thoughtless, derisive witticism. I found them stagnant, boring and a lot of other things. Then by chance I got involved with promoting them in Salisbury and consequently interviewed them for KICK-ZAG and VAGUE II. After a crucial 2 hour interview I left the Crass commune feeling sympathy, some respect but still not entirely won over.

I learnt something from Penny Rimbaud, Andy Napalmer, Steve and the crew. Found myself agreeing with most of what they had to say. I found Crass sincere and committed. They come out of their vast amount of criticism (including mine) virtually unscathed. Crass were and still are genuinely trying. Trying to show people whether they want to be shown or not that there is another way. That you don't have to follow the expected dogmas and stereotypes.

Once Crass found themselves in a position to help other bands and fanzines, they stuck to their original manifesto and did it. Unlike all the others with the exception of the Jam's patronising efforts (Good decision, Paul! Hope he sticks to it) Crass were not particularly selective. They've helped the likes of old wankers like Captain Sensible, legions of New-punk bands but also the Gravats and UK Decay.

It's pointless writing about Captain Sensible and this article is not about people like UK DECAY (perhaps it is in a way) Now although Crass might be the most well intentioned band ever to have existed, their music is simply an outdated attempt at Sham 69 with the one exception of 'Bloody Revolutions'. I love that but although I've listened to 'Feeding', 'Stations' and 'Penis Envy' with a sympathetic ear now, I find it by and large

old hat depressing Rock'n'Roll. Enough of this, I don't want this to come out as just another Crass slagging.

Anyway Crass got an image right. After the Ants blew it, they became the No.1 underground punk outfit. Not even Killing Joke or Theatre could touch them. Thousands of kids latched on to their brand of politics and minimalist music. These kids started getting their own bands and fanzines together, like a distorted carbon copy of what happened with the Pistols in '76.

However on the whole they turned out to be banal and unimaginative copies of the real thing. Not unlike the 2nd generation punk bands that got it all wrong in '78. Although I find the real thing essential. Crass are there if you want them. The identical copies turned out to be very weak 4th Division stuff.

Standards dropped to an all time low. Weak distorted facades. So long as you had a mohican and a leather jacket and sung about state oppression and not eating meat you were alright. Most of these bands and fanzines might have missed the bus but they arrived 6 years too late. They had suffered from the journey and today you can barely find anything left of the original ideas and spirit. Apart from the Crass tag there is absolutely nothing to distinguish these bands from Gary Bushell's wet dreams; Exploited, Anti-Pasti, Vice Squad, Discharge (or are they 'Crass' - I'm never quite sure), that are so despised in the Crass camp.

The first to graduate from the Crass academy were old hippy stablemates the POISON GIRLS, who after 'Persons Unknown' drifted into their own negative world of dope and politics and now probably spend their days setting up women's peace camps and playing CND Fests. All very constructive and moral but how fucking boring. Then they came in their hordes. FATAL MICROBES went pathetically astray with Honey Banes aborted attempt at being a sex symbol. Cutely named EPILEPTICS changed to FLUX OF PINK INDIANS and somehow their boring discordant punky dirge is getting approving noises from all over the place. I could not understand how the wankers who started the trouble at Stonehenge when Crass were supposed to be playing could ever get any credibility. So I went along to see them in Bath. Nothing new. Blank expressionless faces. No Fun. Decaying. Negative. Ultimately depressing.

First thing that hits you (If you avoid the skinheads) is the dreary violent atmosphere. Second thing is the predictably pessimistic and unimaginative banners, sprayed with political slogans and finally the music is still that tired old Punk Rock'n'Roll.

Next in line are my fellow country bumpkins THE MOB. I remember going to Yeovil once to see Chelsea and the Cortinas. They had not heard of Punk there then so I don't know when the Mob happened along. Oh that's being a bit glib and I think they did write to me years ago when they were doing 'All the Madmen' fanzine. Likewise I caught them in Bath a couple of months ago and I was met with a similar scene only the band's name was different and the atmosphere was more violent.

Then there's RUBELLA BALLET who are building themselves up a nice little reputation but to me they sound like little more than an anarcho-punk Fleetwood Mac. I have not lost perspective. Have you? Next is DIRT who like the rest no doubt have their hearts in the right place but their oh so predictable politico-anarchist stance is about as fresh and subversive as the Labour party conference.

It's the same story with CONFLICT and all the rest. I won't labour the point. Finally there's the biggest joke of all, the SUB-HUMANS, who we used to take the piss out of when we went to see Puddle and Animals and Men. These people are famous for Christ's sake! Jesus died for Patti Smith's sins not Crass! New-age hippies. Whenever I see them on a leather I don't only wonder at their complete inability to choose an original logo or name but wonder how old (?) or wise I'm getting. We were never that dumb to follow schmucks like that. I mean nobody took cruds like the Damned, Subs, Vibrators, etc, etc, seriously really! Nobody really sniffed glue that was just a song by the Ramones. 'Fraid you've got to do more than ponce 10p's to be a punk. You ain't no Punk, punk!

This whole new-punk thing stinks even more than Bushell's Oi punk nightmare in a way. It's got all the predictable talk but no bottle. Once alive and fresh. Now dead and unfresh. Like rotting fruit. Don't fit into roles. Don't follow expected dogmas and stereotypes. Take risks. Show some originality and imagination for god's sake.....VAGUE '82.



YOU TALK ABOUT THE PAST AS IF IT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN! YOU'RE WRONG! THERE IS NO PAST, NO PRESENT! ALL TIME IS NOW! HOW DO I KNOW I'VE FOUND MY WAY INTO THE PAST?

SHOVE IT, PROUST! THIS IS SHOW-BIZ!

THE VAGUE GUIDE TO

1982

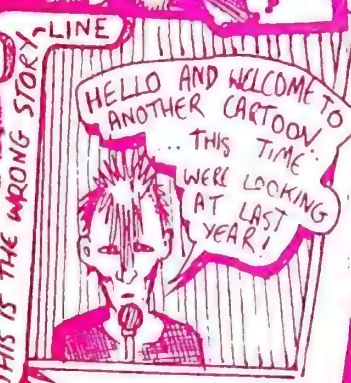
THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

BEST

QUOTE OF THE YEAR: "NICK CAVE, REVIEWING THE BUSINESS SINGLE MAKER: "WE LOST MORE BRAIN CELLS LISTENING TO IT THAN THEY POSSESS COLLECTIVELY."



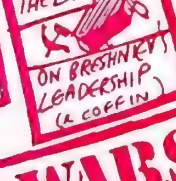
OUT ON THE STREETS NO ONE HAD NOTICED



THE THING TO DO IN 82 WAS ~~TO~~ TO BECOME AN ESTABLISHED ROCK 'N' ROLL STAR, AN AND DISAPPEAR! — SOON, EVERYONE THIS SIDE OF MALCOLM MCLAREN WAS DOING IT..

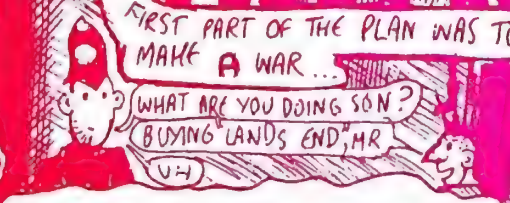


THEN A GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE'S SET UP TO MAKE SLOGANS TO GAIN NATIONAL SUPPORT



FIGHT WARS, NOT WAR

— SAID A SOLDIER — SO THEY DID



ARGENTINA & BRITAIN HAD A PIFFLING LITTLE WAR IN THE FALKLANDS, WHICH RESULTED IN DEATH, DESTRUCTION, SUFFERING & OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH NATIONAL PRIDE

THE VAGRANTS SAW THROUGH THEIR EVIL PLOT AND RETALIATED BY EATING LOTS OF LARDY CAKE

NEVER AGAIN!



— WHICH DIDN'T ACHIEVE ANYTHING — BUT WE LIKED IT! — BETTER THAN THAT NONSENSE TOM DID IN ZIG-ZAG, EH?

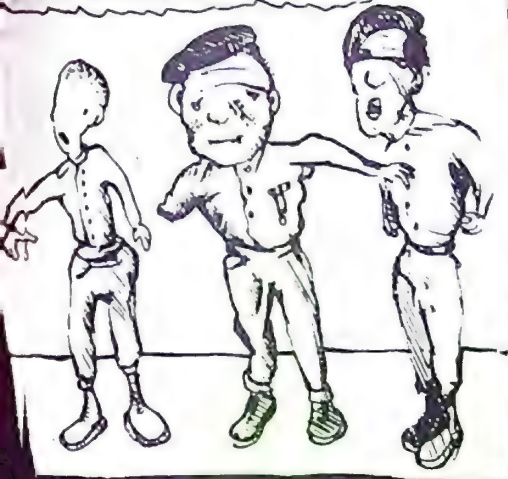
BE DYNAMIC!

NAZI

A LITTLE MAN IN FLAMES

BETTER THAN THE

THE HEROES RETURN



TRAGEDY CONTINUES TO FLOURISH WHETHER THERE IS WAR OR PEACE

FOLLOWING THEIR PUBLIC MATING THE PREVIOUS YEAR THE ROYAL COUPLE HAD THEIR PUBLIC CONCEPTION & THEIR PUBLIC BIRTH



the royal baby

MEANWHILE ANARCHISTS WERE AT LARGE MAKING ANTI-WAR RECORDS



Hardly a red letter day...

GUSS WHO?

VANDALS have painted the top and bottom of a post office pillar box green at the Paragon, Bath.

The head postmaster, Mr Jim Jessop, said today, "I must go and have a look at it."

He said there were 800 pillar boxes in the city.



PHEN! I'M GLAD THATS OVER NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TO HAVE A REST



HOLD ON. WHATS THIS?



OH NO!, HERE WE GO AGAIN ITS...



1983

EVENT OF THE YEAR: IGGY POP AT THE VENUE.

10 Perry 83

FUTURAMA 4 AT DEESIDE WAS A FUCKING BRILLIANT THING. I DONT THINK I CAN SAY HOW SORRY I AM TO JOHN KEENAN THAT ZIG-ZAG CHOSE TO PUT SOME CRAP ABOUT GLASTONBURY IN INSTEAD OF MY FUTURAMA REVIEW

IGGY POP A LESSON IN NIGHTMARE

PETE SCOTT

WHO'S A BETTER UKITE THAN DAVE MCCUMMONCH UH EVEL BE!

First published in 'Moonlight Drive'.

"Though I try to die/ You put me back on the line/ Oh damn it all to hell/ back on the line/ Hell, back on the line/ Again and again..."

The song is 'Mass Production', the singer is Iggy Pop, the mood is one of absolute hopelessness and despair...

Throughout his career, Iggy has specialised in taking the emotional desperation of life at its most barren and translating it into musical terms. He's produced some damned fine songs in the process, including 'Dirt', 'Gimme Danger', 'I Got Nothin'', 'China Girl' and 'the DumDum boys'.

Unfortunately the earliest details of Iggy's career are now lost to us. Born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, he was supposedly christened James Jewel Osterberg and exhibited a very high IQ as a child. According to Nick Kent, Little Jimmy drifted through a series of local bands, including the PRIME MOVERS and the IGUANAS (Iggy is a shortened version of Iguana). He also played drums for 'the likes of the SHANGRI-LAS and several third rate black soul acts.' He made his first crack at stardom by learning to write songs on a Hawaiian guitar, but later gave it up as a bad job and switched to singing. He was inspired to become a rock performer after seeing Jim Morrison and THE DOORS live in Ann Arbor and formed THE PSYCHEDELIC STOOGES with a line-up incorporating Ron Asheton on guitar, his brother Scott Asheton on drums and Dave Alexander on bass.

It's hard to assemble what few facts have survived from this era into any kind of order. No matter how I arrange them, I always have a few bizarre anecdotes left over. For instance, it's said that at one point Iggy was urged by several people to play an instrument on stage. He was unwilling to take this advice, but compromised by appearing at certain gigs brandishing a vacuum cleaner. Well, that's Iggy for you...

At some stage Iggy was introduced to Heroin, possibly by NICO. He and Nico also made a short 'art' film together in 1967. "We ran around this potato field and mimed with plastic limbs, human limbs" he later recorded. I never made much of it. It was jive. But I needed dinner that day."

THE PSYCHEDELIC STOOGES later shortened their name to THE STOOGES, and at a free gig at the Michigan Union, Iggy was spotted by Jim Morrison's one-time nursemaid Danny Fields. He immediately decided that Iggy had tremendous potential. As Iggy himself told a 'PUNK' magazine interviewer; "It got to the end of our show and I was

just letting the amps play and shoed the band off...I was just wandering around. I had this maternity dress on, and a white face, and I was doing unattractive things like spittin' on people - things like that. So I wander off stage and this guy says, "You're a star!!!" Just like in the movies."

Fields managed to get Iggy and the Stooges signed to Elektra, for whom they recorded two albums, 'The Stooges' (Produced by John Cale) and 'Funhouse' (Produced by Don Gallucci). The Stooges toured sporadically and it was during this period that Iggy's reputation as a wildman took shape, as he began to indulge in increasingly bizarre and dangerous onstage stunts:

"Iggy pulled girls' hair, vomited, jammed pencils into his flesh, poured hot wax over himself, dived on a stage covered with broken glass and sang 'The Shadow of Your Smile' through bleeding lips. Crowds were entranced..." (From an old tour programme.)

In the post-Woodstock era, such antics only served to alienate the STOOGES from the rest of the rock community, and for a long time they languished in obscurity.

In 1972 the STOOGES were rescued from the Twilight Zone by David Bowie, who was then enjoying a considerable upsurge of commercial popularity in the wake of his trend-setting 'Ziggy Stardust' LP. He brought Iggy and the boys over to the UK, where they played one allegedly superb gig at a King's Cross Cinema and subsequently recorded 'Raw Power', arguably one of the finest albums of all time. For 'Raw Power', Ron Asheton switched to bass and new boy James Williamson took over on guitar. He also helped to compose the songs, fusing Iggy's lyrics to a variety of scathing riffs. The title track takes the essence of The Velvet's 'White Light/White Heat' and transmutes it into something new, vital and even more disturbing than before. 'I Need Somebody', 'Gimme Danger' and 'Search and Destroy' are all dynamite - rock music elevated to its highest level. Desperate music for desperate people.

After the release of 'Raw Power' the STOOGES again drifted into limbo. They performed a final disastrous tour of the US during which Iggy was often so wrecked on hard drugs that he could barely stand up. The essence of this tour was captured on the Skydog LP 'Metallic KO' and the bootleg 'Night of the Iguana'. Though both records are pretty dreadful quality-wise (especially 'Night'), they do give some indication as to what the STOOGES were like during their terminal phase. Iggy sounds totally 'out of it' for most of 'Night' between songs, he's reduced to repeating the phrase "I got nothin'" over and over. 'KO' is an aural documentary of the STOOGES' last two gigs; it culminates in a pitched battle between the band and the audience, as ice-cubes, paper cups, eggs, light

bulbs and expensive cameras (according to Nick Kent) rain down on the stage.

Following the demise of the STOOGES, Iggy made an effort to clean himself up a bit. He recorded a series of demos with James Williamson, which were eventually released as the 'Kill City' LP. He also teamed up with Ray Manzarek for a while, thus prompting Danny Sugerman (one of Jim Morrison's old associates, and co-author of 'No One Here'), who was then acting as Ray's manager, to try to promote Iggy as "The new Jim Morrison". Needless to say, it didn't work.

In 1977 Iggy was again rescued from oblivion by David Bowie. This time they recorded an LP called 'The Idiot' together. It came out on RCA and proved to be one of the most harrowing slabs of vinyl ever conceived by the mind of mortal man. Not wild and untamed, as in the past. Instead, dense, oppressive and insular. Nevertheless, it remains an LP of considerable strength and power.

Iggy performed a mini-tour of the UK to promote 'The Idiot'. I saw him twice at the Rainbow, with a stop-gap group including Ricky Gardiner on guitar and David Bowie on keys. The shows were slick and professional, but not as spontaneous as hoped. Nevertheless, they still stand out in my mind as two of the best gigs I've ever attended. 'The Idiot' soon spawned a vinyl sequel, 'Lust for Life', which contained one truly outstanding track - 'The Passenger' is superb; it even includes a phrase borrowed from Jim's 'The Lords': "The cities ripped back-sides..."

Since the release of 'Lust', Iggy's output has been pretty slipshod. The 'Kill City' demos were cleaned up and finished off by James Williamson and released on the Bomp label. They still stand as one of Mr Pop's better albums. The title track, 'Beyond the Law' and 'I Got Nothin' are particularly satisfying. On the other hand, Iggy's parting shot for RCA a live effort called 'TV Eye', was a disaster - no redeeming characteristics whatsoever. His first LP for Arista, 'New Values' was OK. The A-side was pleasant (tho' a little lightweight) and one of the tracks, 'Endless Sea', proved to be a first-rate piece of music. The whole of the B-side was disposable however; and since then, Iggy's career has nosedived alarmingly. It's reached the stage where I can't even bring myself to listen to his two most recent albums, 'Soldier' and 'Party'.

As for the future, things don't look too good. For a man in his mid-thirties, Iggy is still in surprisingly good shape. His voice also sounds fine, having taken on a more mature, soulful edge over the years. But inspiration-wise he seemed to be at rock bottom. Absolute moral and spiritual bankruptcy. El zilcho.

He's given me more pleasure than virtually any other performer alive today. It'd be a drag if the legend of Iggy Pop were to end on such an ignominious note.

IGGY LOVE AT THE VENUE BY TOM 5/02/82

Marina wakes me up much later than I had planned. Couldn't sleep much. Love sick again. Make that just sick. My consciousness slowly re-enters my body, it's had some really bad times in there. Usual gale force gale at Bath turn-off. This time it works in my favour. A trucker takes sympathy on me and takes me all the way to Victoria. Sit around the buffet drinking all afternoon. Crass are putting the Rainbow. That's where Iggy usually plays.

Here comes Johnny Yen again. He's gonna do another strip-tease - outside I'm scolded by various Wasted Youths for not making their farewell gig.

Marina arrives on the dot at 8 and proceeds to drag me round the Venue for a couple hours. Po-Lar-Risse... I'm getting this strange unidentified feeling now. I think it's excitement or something. Is it charisma or what? One thing it's not is nostalgia. Don't let anyone tell you any different.

Trade out Birthday Party, rather fitting, curtains part and the Ig's motley crew start picking out the intro to 'Raw Power'. When the man hurtles on to the stage it's the best moment of the year. Find myself magnetically drawn towards the stage. This makes all the contenders irrelevant. No one else

comes near him except Rotten. You just know he means it. A kid down the front lets a can off in his face. Iggy lunges into the crowd and drags the kid backstage by his hair, for a chat on decorum. Half an hour half old. He gets his dander out to 'I'm Loose' and when he does 'Search and Destroy' there isn't a dry armpit in the house. It reaches the breaking point then careers off with 'Louie Louie'. Betcha knew it would come to this. This gig made going home seem pointless. When I eventually find somewhere to crash, I could've slept again and it seemed like the night was never going to end.

RISING FROM THE IG

erica echenberg snaps the f....g pictures and scratches her nose, you know: marina merosi asks the dumbest f....g questions you've ever heard in your life, you know.

M.M: How have you found England this time round?

IGGY: Well, it's alright when I'm working; it gets a bit trifling when I'm not at work, you know.

M.M: Why?

IGGY: Well, it's sorta that trifling attitude; it's like, "Oh, yawn, it's Christmas", and I suppose I'd rather be home.

M.M: Where are you actually living now?

IGGY: New York City.

M.M: Is there any English music that you're listening to?

IGGY: God, I should hope not.

M.M: Why not?

IGGY: I try to avoid it really, I listen to the Clash, but generally only when they come over.

M.M: Back in America what do you listen to?

IGGY:George Elgar I rather like. He was English once upon a time.

M.M: How did you find those gigs at The Venue?

IGGY: Those were terrific, I thought I liked the first two, especially. The third one was a bit off ('pops' his mouth).

M.M: I didn't go to that one, I went to the first two.

IGGY:and I liked the TV show so all in all it was successful.

M.M: This was the first time I'd ever seen you, hadn't caught you before.

IGGY: Must tell you the same.

M.M: Looking round I hadn't seen people look so happy at a concert before.

IGGY: That's really nice.

M.M:truly, they looked really happy. Doesn't that show something?

IGGY:there was quite a bit of that when we went out on the Porto-bello Road the other day; it was sorta: "Hey, Iggy, what's happening?" and that was really nice, you know.

M.M: Would you then say that what you are doing is 'entertainment'? Is it just 'entertainment'? How would you describe it?

IGGY: I wouldn't think so, I'd call it more News From Abroad, really.

M.M: In what sense?

IGGY: Being a pun....No, it's just sort of in my country the news of the world has gotten so drastic that I decided to make up my own, sorta like: "OK, THIS IS WHAT I DO EVERY DAY, THIS IS WHAT I ENCOUNTER" and things like that, and I think people spot that and recognise that, as opposed to in America with for instance, like our comedians like Steve Martin, and the Belushis, and the Ackroyds, and the rest of them, as good as they may be, they tend to draw their commentary strictly from the common social pool of television shows and what have you, and I've always admired more the early Monty Python; especially, some of the more social humour based on the silliness of life; I think that's what makes people laugh at my concerts, 'cause I talk a lot of silly shit basically; it probably makes them have a good giggle.

M.M: It's communication then, would you say?

IGGY: Yeah, unfortunately I would prefer that it be non-communicative, but it does seem to pick up whistlers.

M.M: Why do you mean 'non-communicative'?

IGGY: Well, I don't want to give away my diseases to everybody, right?

AN EXTRACT FROM MARINA'S PECULIAR INTERVIEW THAT GOT POST IN THE ZZ COUP D'ETAT BUT IF YOU WANT ALL THE GROSS-SOME DETAILS WRITE TO US.

But they're there and I have my attitudes, you know, like "Eat or be Eaten" is basically about everybody's out to get you: which is pretty factual.

M.M: You were saying that 'Run Like A Villain' was about that... (A British pilot during the Falklands crisis who suddenly became aware (in spite of his condition) of the fact that he was killing.)

IGGY: Yeah, it's about that cat, yeah it's true.

M.M: Well a lot of your lyrics seem to be about life....

IGGY: Yeah, well, I started out, like, you know, when I was, like, 21 I used to write songs about as far as I wanted to go, and life was what happened in my room, you know, so I'd write about like "Some girl came over and I thought, well, nah nah nah nah..." you know, and then as one gets older and one sort of starts to let in the mice as it were, and various things start chewing away at your sensibilities...they still all feel like mice to me.

M.M: What?

IGGY: Well, just whatever I encounter; if it's Ronnie Reagan going (he shoots an imaginary gun) or like Reagan to Lemmie - what's the difference? - it's all the same to me. They're subjects; it's a matter of subjects.... ARE WE GETTING ANYWHERE?

M.M: So you're an observer?

IGGY: YES, I'm trying to be an observer, certainly not a Guardian...definitely not a Standard....

M.M: Explain (not immediately getting the 'joke').

IGGY: (Angered) Those are puns.

M.M: Yes I see, but about being an observer?

IGGY: What is the letter 'A'?

M.M: Yes, I see what you mean....but when you're writing?

IGGY: I do it on a typewriter.

[THE REST APPEARS IN 'FUSE']

OR PAGE 23-FOR THE FULL UNADULTERATED TRUTH!

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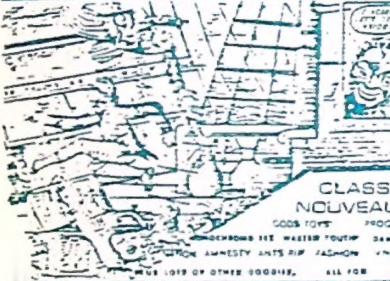
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No, apologies for not having much VIZ in this time.
If you dont want to be a complete tithead buy them all.

VAGUE



WE'RE INTO CHAOS

again. I think
nows since we
been bad in tern

ould have
ause the
is a set
ch a strong
t's hard to
alais show
walked out
really well
nd-in bass

JUNK

Prayers
US Fire

YARD

SERVICES BEING HELD

THE CRAMPS

AS a degradingly boring ritual
The Birthday Party like to think
they have no rivals in the live
arena. So, when the big
mouth Cave and his
anonymous cohort
incoherently

acted in. He's a glorious
method actor, marvellously
capable

ONCE YOU'VE CAUGHT THEM
YOU CAN'T GET RID OF THEM!



when the... entrate you in this
city, flee ye into another.
St. Matthew, 10:23

IT SEEMED TO BE THE END
UNTIL THE NEXT BEGINNING

